The Nation.

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The Week.

Under ordinary circumstances the fact that the committee on banking had reported a bill reforming the currency would excite universal interest; but more dramatic events now absorb popular attention. Nevertheless since 140 members of the House of Representatives have recorded themselves in advance in favor of the action of the committee, we can feel that a positive step towards reform has been taken. The bill reported is not an ideal measure, but it has the cardinal virtue of providing for the elimination of the notes of the Government from circulation. The place of this paper money will be taken by gold and silver coin, which will be legal tender, and banknotes, which will not. The bill has been carefully framed so as to prevent any contraction of the currency. The expansion of the bank issues balances the withdrawal of Government paper, and as this paper disappears the stock of gold held by the banks must increase. This throws a considerable burden on the banks; but if they assume it, which they will be strongly moved to do, the burden is removed from the Government. Under normal conditions we might have anticipated that a measure of this kind would in a few years put an end to our currency troubles, but the cost of the war may be so great as to disarrange all calculations. As it is, the need of such a measure is the more urgent, for it will be a great safeguard against the inflation measures which are sure to be proposed. The power to issue short-time notes just conferred on the Treasury is a gain worth almost as much as the cost of the war hitherto, and if McCleary's bill becomes law the credit of the Government will be put on a firm foundation.

The bankruptcy bill has been so long before Congress that, like the French spoliation claims or the Bering Sea awards, the public has forgotten the points at issue. Not to mince matters, we may say that the quarrel has really been between the representatives of the "debtor class" and those of the "money-power." The States have no power to absolve any man from the payment of debts due to non-residents. They may, unless prevented by the action of Congress, arrange for the distribution of a debtor's assets among his creditors; but after that is done the debtor remains liable for any deficiency, and property acquired by him thereafter belongs to his creditors until they are paid. By the Constitution, Congress is empowered to enact bankruptcy laws which actually cancel all debts. On surrendering his property the debtor is discharged from all his liabilities, and whatever property comes into his possession thereafter is free from the claims of his creditors. It is evident that a law of this kind may be grossly abused, and there were many scandalous cases under the old law. Having obtained their discharge as bankrupts, men frequently started in business afresh with capital which they had fraudulently withheld from their creditors, while the creditors were impoverished and ruined. Conservative business men in Congress therefore insisted that debtors should not be granted their discharge in bankruptcy on their own application if they had been guilty of any fraud or had preferred any creditors; while the friends of the debtor class struggled to prevent creditors from having their debtors thrown into bankruptcy. The conferees of the two houses of Congress finally agreed on a definition of insolvency which enabled them to adjust their other differences. At common law a man is insolvent when he cannot pay his debts at the time when he promised to pay them, but by this statute insolvency results only when the debtor's property is ascertained to be less than his liabilities.

From the summaries given by the press of the provisions in the new revenue bill for the taxation of legacies and successions, and, indeed, from the wording of these provisions, it might be supposed that property passing from husband to wife or from wife to husband was exempt. The discussion in the Senate, however, made it clear that the transfer must be direct in order to claim exemption. A bequest in trust for a wife or a husband would be taxable, and apparently at the highest rates, from 5 to 15 per cent., according to the size of the estate. It should be understood, also, that the amount of the legacy is immaterial. A legacy of $100 is taxed, provided the personal estate from which it comes exceeds $10,000. Nor should it be forgotten that, under the decisions of the courts of New York, the personal property of a non-resident found within this State after his death is taxable here, even if it is taxed by the State in which he was domiciled, so that in such cases three inheritance taxes would be collected from the same estate. According to the reasoning of the courts, it would seem that Government bonds are not exempt from this tax when imposed by the States, and the act does not appear to exempt them from taxation by the general Government. This results from the doctrine that a tax of this kind is not a tax upon property, but on the right to acquire property from a deceased person —a right which is declared to be not a natural right, but one conferred by Government, and subject, therefore, to its regulation. On this ground Senator Spooner expressed very grave doubts as to the power of the general Government to impose the tax, since the right of inheritance is conferred not by it, but by the State governments. The character of the discussion in the Senate was not such as to throw much light on this point, the only argument advanced in support of the tax being that as rich men did not pay taxes on their personal property while they lived, some one else ought to when they died. Legacies to religious or charitable corporations are, as a correspondent well shows on another page, subject to taxation at the highest rate.

A very surprising feature of the new revenue bill is the doubling of the tax on beer. Scarcely anybody expected that Congress would ever adopt so simple, practicable, and just a way of raising over $30,000,000 additional a year as was afforded by making the tax on malt liquors $2 a barrel instead of $1. The reason for this general incredulity was the fact that the brewers have always had such a tremendous "pull" at the national capital that neither party seemed to dare to oppose their demands. Apparently, the brewers were as much surprised as anybody else at this display of courage on the part of Senators and Representatives. The thirteenth annual convention of the United States Brewers' Association opened at Atlantic City last week, and the report of the publication committee contained the significant recommendation that "it is about time to reëstablish systematically and maintain the personal relations which have in former years existed between the brewers and their representatives in Congress, and to see to it that an industry now paying $34,000,000, and soon to pay $68,000,000 into the Federal Treasury, be not left to the mercy, the caprice, the whim or notion of irresponsible servants of the people."

It appears, from the statistics presented at this convention, that the brewing industry has not been so prosperous as usual of late. The President reported that "depression of trade was very marked for the year ending June 30, 1897, showing itself in a decrease of the consumption of malt liquors." The total output for all the breweries of the country during that year was 34,423,094 barrels, which the Prohibitionists will hardly regard as a small total, but it was 1,402,999 barrels short of the production

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for the previous twelve months, and that, too, in spite of an average reduction in price of $1 per barrel during the latter period. The extra tax of $1 per barrel is to be added to the existing selling price, and this policy was commended by the President as a wise measure of resistance to the tendency towards making cheap and consequently inferior beer, which tendency, if continued, "would be the strongest argument that prohibition agitators could use against the use of beers." The brewers have outgrown the old "home market" theory, and pride themselves upon the fact that "American beers have won favor in many foreign lands, and perhaps the best proof of the preference given to our product lies in the fact that in countries where brewing is just being introduced, as in Japan, for instance, the American system is invariably adopted." In order to improve their opportunities abroad, they will seek a refund of the $2 tax on every barrel exported, as well as of the duties paid on all imported materials, including bottles, corks, and tinfoil; but, "owing to the many important matters which claim the attention of the Federal Congress, an appeal to the lawmaking power does not appear advisable at the present time."

Is it desirable to initiate a policy of annexing distant islands by "flagrant executive usurpation"? It would be well to have some pretty distinct expressions of opinion on that question, even if it consumes much time. We are supposed to be committed to the "Monroe Doctrine," according to which European Powers are not to meddle with American affairs, nor we with those of another hemisphere. Is it not true, as Senator Morrill said on Monday, that

> "the formal annexation of Hawaii, under a one-man power, under a republic in name, or whatever form of governmental experiment we may choose or be compelled to prescribe, will advertise the final wreckage of the 'Monroe Doctrine,' so long held dear by the American people. We cannot afford to denounce and forbid all acquisitions of territory in the western hemisphere by European governments, even at the peril of war, and forthwith embark in this enterprise ourselves. If we would have our yet unstained doctrine respected by others, we must scrupulously practise what we preach."

It is no reply to these grave words to say that "we scorn to consider the consequences of annexation."

There is evidence that somebody is taking great pains to see that no Republican platform this year shall lack one plank. The Illinois convention of the party had no views to express upon the question of annexing Hawaii, and the Kansas convention was silent regarding the wisdom of retaining any Spanish territory which may come into our possession, as the Pennsylvania convention had been a little earlier. But all three conventions had something to say on the subject of the Nicaragua Canal, and there is a significant resemblance between the different resolutions. Quay's convention declared that "the present war has demonstrated beyond question the imperative necessity of this canal for purposes of national defence, and for the development of our foreign and domestic commerce, and we call on Congress to push this work as speedily as possible." The Illinois Republicans resolved that "we are in favor of the early construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and its control by the United States Government, as the present war has demonstrated its great necessity." The Kansas convention put it in this way: "We believe that the necessities of war have supplemented the arguments of peace, and that the Nicaragua Canal should be built as speedily as possible." How did it happen that platform-makers in three States, who do not seem to have been especially alert regarding other issues which engage the public thought, should have been so much impressed with the importance of the Nicaragua Canal? Could the Hon. Warner Miller throw any light upon this interesting phenomenon?

A second Governor in the South is going to appoint negro officers to command negro troops. The first was the executive of North Carolina, and his action was not surprising, because he owed his election largely to the negro vote, having been chosen as the result of a fusion between the Republicans and Populists. But Gov. Tyler of Virginia is a Southern Democrat of the straitest sect, and it is a notable event when such a man gives commissions to black men. Two battalions of colored troops in Virginia, having been recruited up to the required numbers, will be turned over to the United States Government as at present organized. Gov. Tyler holds that the colored companies, being organized under the same laws as the white companies, and their officers having passed all examinations creditably, are entitled to the same privilege accorded to the white companies—that of having officers of their own selection. The Richmond *Dispatch* says that, after earnest thought over the question, Gov. Tyler "is thoroughly convinced that to pursue any other course than the one he has marked out for himself would be a violation of his oath of office, wherein he is pledged to make no discrimination on account of race or color." The *Dispatch* dissents from the view that this course is required by either sound public policy or the laws of the land, but it readily accords to the Governor sincerity of motive and conscientious desire to do his duty as he understands it, and adds that "this is a case where no one can suspect him of bending his opinion to gain popularity." Now that this question is settled, the Richmond editor expresses the hope that the President "will see to it, as he has said that he would, that the negro troops are kept separate and apart from the white troops as much as possible."

The violent fluctuations in the price of wheat caused by Mr. Leiter's speculations did not occasion similar variations in the retail price of flour, and probably affected the price of bread even less. Bakers and dealers in flour expected the excessive price of wheat to be temporary, and in most cases found it unnecessary to raise their prices to anything like a corresponding extent. Probably the mass of the people in this country who obtain their bread from bakers were unaware that they were paying more for it. This is principally owing to the fact that bread is here sold at a certain price per loaf, the weight of the loaf not being precisely determined. In England the weight of the loaf remains unchanged, while the price varies. It would perhaps be repugnant to our prejudices to buy bread by weight, since lightness is itself a desideratum; but the English custom has its advantages for statistical purposes. From a recent report of the dealings of 74 of the most important coöperative societies, it seems that between April 5 and May 10 of this year the average price of the quartern loaf rose from 5.81 to 6.70 pence. In 1893 the price was 4.79, and it fell in 1896 about a half-penny. In September, 1897, it had risen nearly 1½ pence, and since then has gone up a penny more. The returns are surprisingly uniform in the different parts of the country, and follow the variations in what may be called the normal price of wheat rather than its fluctuations in speculative markets. Probably the weight of our bakers' loaves, which have not varied in price, would show corresponding fluctuations if we could register them.

Judge Garretson's decision in the case of the Brooklyn Bridge Commissioners who were removed from office by Mayor Van Wyck, while not final, is likely to be a great shock to the learned Whalen, who told the Mayor that he had the power to remove the Commissioners and put good Tammany men in their places, whereupon the Mayor, whose faith in Whalen is beautiful to look upon, tipped them out without ceremony, and appointed as their successors some Tammanyites who took possession of the places, also without ceremony. Now Judge Garretson decides that the Mayor had not the power to do this, that consequently the Commissioners have not been removed, and that consequently the Tammanyites have no claim upon the places, and cannot either exercise the duties of Commissioners or draw salaries as such. This will prevent the Comp-

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troller from paying them salaries, for he must do so at his personal risk. The question will be carried to the Appellate Division, and thence to the Court of Appeals for final decision, and in the meantime the work of the Commission will be at a standstill. There is an expenditure of $7,000,000 involved, and, pending final decision, Tammany fingers must be kept out of this. In case the Court of Appeals sustains Judge Garretson, the Aqueduct Commissioners and the Shore-Road Commissioners, whom the Mayor removed also on Whalen's "opinion," will be reinstated. It is a distinct flaw in the powers of Whalen that he is not actually what he claims to be and what the Mayor thinks he is—a court of last resort. So long as he can be overruled by the courts, his "place" affords a very contracted field for his talents.

Spain's plight in the Philippines is a sufficient commentary on the nature of her rule there. At the very moment when she is pressed by a foreign foe, her subjects rise against her, her native troops revolt and shoot their Spanish officers, and the whole Spanish power in the islands crumbles before a single American soldier arrives. What frightful misrule and mismanagement all this argues. England has no braver or more loyal soldiers than her Sikhs and Ghurkas and Sudanese. She has known how to consolidate her colonial power through conciliating and educating the natives, while Spain is but reaping in rebellion and massacre what she has sown in neglect and oppression. Our own Philippine problem is in some respects greatly simplified, in others made much more awkward, by the successes of the insurgents. Military occupation of Manila will apparently be easy enough, if, indeed, the city do not surrender before our troops appear. But what are we going to do about the natives? What are we going to say to the independent republic which Aguinaldo may have all set up by the time Gen. Merritt gets there? Shall we not be bound to recognize it as the free choice of the people, and order our soldiers to salute it with one rousing volley and then sail for home? Our unselfish zeal for republican institutions is evidently taken in sublime good faith by Aguinaldo. He has sent special invitations to the Americans to be present when his declaration of independence is read. After the insurgents have driven out the Spaniards, will they have to turn their guns against American tyrants?

The Paris *Temps*, which certainly has title to speak as a friend of Spain, inflicts upon her faithful wounds in its issue of June 11. After reviewing the course of events since war was declared, showing how Cervera's admired tactics have ended by putting his squadron out of the account as truly as if it had been sunk, and how the military situation of Spain grows worse from day to day, it tells the Spanish Government that it must abandon its preposterous illusions about "the fatal issue of this unequal combat." It is time, says the *Temps*, for Spain to face realities, grievous though they be. "It is time for some one to have the courage to utter the necessary word and to say that peace must be made, and that the longer it is deferred the more cruel will be the sacrifices required." Such a counsel of despair, echoed as it is in so many parts of Europe, even in those most friendly to Spain, must have a tendency to hasten the awakening of the Spanish Government and people to the inevitable.

According to the London *Statist* the returns of the Bank of Spain, beginning with April 2, have been as follows (in millions):

	Gold.	Silver.	Total reserve.	Circulation.	Excess over ⅓ of notes.
April 2...	240.778	267,865	508,643	1,276.862	83,022
May 7...	245,838	146,513	392,351	1,307.308	*43,418
May 21..	245,838	115,122	360,960	1,309,881	*75,667
May 28..	245,838	108,344	354,182	1,305,167	*80,874

*Deficit.

It will be observed that since May 7 the amount of gold has remained a fixed sum, 245,838,000 pesetas (about $49,000,000). The silver reserve has fallen since April 2 from 267,865,000 to 108,344,000—a decline of over 159,000,000 pesetas. This means that the holders of the notes have been presenting them and drawing silver, lest the Bank should suspend cash payments altogether. Notwithstanding this fact, the Bank's circulation has increased by 28,000,000 pesetas, and its legal reserve now shows a deficit of 80,874,000 pesetas. The 28,000,000 of increased circulation, plus the amount presented by the public for redemption in silver, making a total of 187,000,000 pesetas ($37,400,000), has probably been advanced to the Government on the security of the new national bonds. The fact that the gold in the Bank was a fixed quantity during the whole month of May suggests that it may not have been in the Bank's vaults at all, but may have been in the vaults of some foreign bank or banks for the purpose of meeting the coupons of the Spanish fours held abroad, one of which falls due on the 1st of July. If so, that fact will appear in the first statement of the Bank after the end of the present month.

From the results of the German elections thus far, the Emperor will derive little satisfaction. The Socialist vote has increased, so that it is now reported as above 2,000,000, and the chances are that the Socialist strength of 44 seats in the last Reichstag will be considerably increased in the new one. The Centrists, or Clerical party, have also gained in votes and in representation, but that will give neither pleasure nor strength to the Government. The Clerical position was defiantly stated by the Clerical leader Dr. Lieber, in an election speech. He said:

> "We are often called the Government party. We are not the Government party, but we have become the governing party. This was due to our own abilities, to the unskilfulness of our opponents, and to a decisive change in the views of the Imperial Government, which determined to carry on the affairs of the country with the aid of any political party which from time to time might suit its purpose."

With a haughty party like that controlling more than one-third of the Reichstag, and with the Social-Democrats gaining strength at every election, it is no wonder that Emperor William is disgusted with universal suffrage, and is reported to be reviving a plan to restrict it.

It is pleasant to hear of reform in China, and if the term has not precisely the same meaning as with us, we should not be surprised, for China is unlike the rest of the world. The nucleus of the new movement is said to be "a formidable organization of progressive Chinese"; the movement itself is partly progressive and partly retrogressive. The progressive part looks to the introduction into China of patriotism, which is admitted, "in view of the fact that our territory is daily sliced away," to be much needed. For this purpose patriotic clubs are forming everywhere, at which the literati make addresses on texts "relating to the preservation of the state, the religion, the people, and the race." The organization is said to be "copied bodily from the method of the missionaries in spreading Christianity," but this statement refers to the machinery of its propaganda, not to the doctrine preached, which is in substance a demand for "freedom for the persecution of foreigners"; it being felt by the more thoughtful Chinese that, without this liberty, patriotism to the Mongolian masses is not likely to be altogether intelligible. The dual character of the movement, however, creates a difficulty with the official class, who are in favor of patriotism, but cannot encourage the persecution of foreigners by the reformers without getting into very serious trouble with the "slicing" Powers. Accordingly, the Governor of Hunan, in reply to a patriotic demonstration from the literati, has been obliged to announce that he cannot countenance riots "bringing on the seizure of Chinese territory," and that if the candidates for examinations persist in rioting, he will bring them back to a sense of "scholarly decorum and civilized conduct" by petitioning the throne for leave to "close the examination halls." This in China is a terrible threat, and consequently there is some doubt as to the result; if the advanced Chinese have their way and succeed in establishing patriotism in China, they will, as the hustler said of culture in Chicago, "make the old thing hum."

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WAR PROSPECTS.

Secretary Long is reported to have said on Sunday that the present week would probably be the most important of the war. This does not necessarily mean that the Administration expects to hear of the fall of Santiago this week, or that Admiral Cervera's ships will be captured or destroyed before next Sunday. But our troops will have been landed, their plan of operation made plain, the situation at Santiago clearly developed, and the steady closing in of our superior force upon the doomed city will have begun by land and sea. It seems reasonable to hope, therefore, that, though Santiago may not be taken and Cervera beaten in six days' time, both those results will be demonstrably within our reach.

Both those results are, in fact, already regarded by European military authorities as foregone. Even the Spanish Minister of Marine, if we may credit a guarded remark of his, considers Cervera's position hopeless. But there seems to be a certain perversity or obtuseness in the view of the London *Times*, cabled on Monday, that "no direct military object will be gained by the capture of Santiago." What it means is, no doubt, that Santiago is an isolated position, and that it might fall without seriously affecting the Spanish military strength in Cuba. But, on the other hand, it is precisely this fact which constitutes the importance of the Santiago expedition. Granting that our army is not yet ready to move in force against Blanco, what greater piece of luck could there have been for us than to have a body of 10,000 or 15,000 Spanish troops cut off from communications or reinforcements in Santiago, and a trapped squadron in the harbor? It was one of the happy accidents of war, of which skilled commanders know how to take advantage, and our war board saw and seized the opportunity with commendable promptness. Spain may still assert that it is naught, but if 15,000 of her soldiers are put out of the reckoning, if her flag is swept from West Indian waters, and is left unable ever to return thither, how can it fail to be anything but a great disaster to her, or to prove to us a "direct military object" of the highest importance?

As we are fighting not for the sake of slaughter, but to secure peace as speedily as possible, every hint or sign of Spain's being willing to make terms must be regarded as having a direct bearing on the war. Quite the most significant of such signs is the manifesto of the Barcelona merchants, reproduced in the Madrid press. This set forth the certain ruin which the war was bringing upon Spain, and appealed to the Government to agree to "amputation" (that is, surrender of Cuba) in order to save the patient's life. Now Barcelona and Catalonia in general have been the stoutest defenders of the policy of retaining Cuba at all hazards. They have, perhaps, a greater direct interest than any other section of Spain. Catalonia is a hive of industry, and her manufacturers have made fortunes out of the Cuban trade. Even the three years' war to retain the island has not seriously impaired their prosperity, as supplies and equipment for the army have kept the factories going. But now the Barcelona merchants see the inevitable end of all, and cry out for the Government to save what may yet be saved out of the wreck.

Another influence apart from direct fighting which makes for peace is the final disappearance of the illusion that Spain has anything to hope from foreign intervention. This illusion she has hugged from the beginning, and latterly has seen all sorts of bubble hopes floating before her eyes in the shape of German interference with our projects in the Philippines. But the last of these has now burst, and again the Spanish press is bitterly remarking that it is evident Spain must depend upon her own resources. That the Spanish Government should ever have hoped for any other issue of her diplomatic negotiations is only another proof of the fatal inability of Spain's public men to get into touch with the practical forces that control the world. Fine sentiment and flowers of rhetoric do not make international alliances. From the first it has been clear that no nation on earth would willingly meddle in our quarrel with Spain, and her rhetorical and visionary diplomats have found out, through painful disappointments, what they should have known from the beginning.

Any other nation, in Spain's place, would sue for peace. But Spain is unlike any other nation. Any other nation would not have gone to war as she did. Her Government as well as her people seem to be actuated by motives quite unaccountable to ordinary rulers and mortals. Napier, in his history of the Peninsular War, recounts the vexations of Wellington in contact with the peculiarities of his Spanish allies. Of one Spanish general he says that his action, on one occasion, would have been treason in a man of another race, but in a Spaniard it was only a vagary of the kind to be expected. Here is the difficulty in all reasoning about Spain's being bound to ask for peace before long. Those who know Spaniards best are the slowest to predict what they will do, in any given circumstances, except that it will be something whimsical and absurd. Thus, while justified in hoping that the financial and military and political embarrassments of Spain, all thickening upon her, may lead her to surrender without fighting to the bitter end, our Government will not be justified in omitting any preparation or effort that would be necessary if it were certain that Spain would fight to the bitter end.

A "DARK SUPERSTITION."

Hawaiian annexation, for which the House voted so strongly on Wednesday week, is now admitted by both its friends and foes to be but a letting out of the waters. If we take Hawaii, we take the Philippines. Once hoisted over those, our flag is then to fly over the Caroline Islands, and, of course, the very name of the Ladrones (*robber* islands) will impel us to take them next. That may content us for a time as far as the Pacific is concerned, but in the Atlantic, as Mr. Dolliver frankly avowed in the debate, we are to seize and keep Porto Rico and Cuba, and it will be strange indeed if that badly governed and inviting island lying between the two, San Domingo and Hayti, does not follow them under our flag, as a writer in the *Contemporary* asserts that it will. Such, then, are the present modest limits of what is variously called the "imperial policy," "commercial expansion," and "colonial aggrandizement."

This momentous change of policy we are urged to enter upon largely by arguments drawn from the experience of England. Great Britain has colonies, is an empire, is rich and powerful; ergo, if we would be rich and powerful, we, too, must have colonial possessions. There are many ways of replying to this reasoning. Perhaps as good a way as any is to cite what Englishmen themselves have said of the colonies as the source of England's power. A private letter of Disraeli's has lately come to light in which he spoke of the colonies as a millstone about England's neck. Lord Salisbury only a few weeks ago warned the Lords that the strength of England was already dangerously taxed by her foreign dependencies. Mr. Chenery, long editor of the London *Times*, declared of the colonies: "They are not feeders, but suckers." So much for Conservatives—the Imperialists of Imperialists. What John Bright thought of the colonies, and particularly of "imperial federation," may be put in a phrase of his own. He said in 1884 that the ideas then afloat on the subject were "equally visionary and valueless." But the great Liberal statesman remains to be quoted. Mr. Gladstone said in 1894, as reported by the Hon. Lionel Tollemache:

> "I have always maintained that we are bound by ties of honor and conscience to our colonies. But the idea that the colonies add to the strength of the mother country, appears to me to be as *dark a superstition* as any that existed in the Middle Ages."

A superstition may be defined as a belief based on no evidence, or in the face of evidence to the contrary. Such, we submit, is the belief of which profession is made by our annexing Congressmen. All their arguments, so far as they are

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not mere delirious shouting, come down to this: We must take Hawaii and all the other islands on which we can lay our hands in peace or in war, for the sake of increasing our trade and increasing our power. That annexation will do both, the gentlemen advocating it assert. Like one of Mr. Cable's impetuous Creoles, they swear it, they are sure of it—in fact, they think so. But even if 209 members of the House believe a thing, it is not necessarily so; and if they believe it without reason, in the teeth of reason, they are the victims of as dark a superstition as any they mean to annex along with Mauna Loa.

It is rather a weariful business to go over the facts about England's colonial trade. But take a single instance which may win attention: British merchants control the trade of the Philippines. They have won this with the islands under Spanish sovereignty. It would thus appear that England can increase her trade with other countries' colonies. She does not need to own or govern an island in order to trade with it. And is she in the slightest degree anxious about the possibility of the United States taking away the Philippines from Spain? Emperor William is reported to be concerned about the peril to German interests in Manila, but nobody hears of Great Britain lifting a finger. She knows that her merchants will keep the Philippine trade as they got it, no matter who owns the islands, by attending strictly to business and having goods to sell which the natives want. Any merchant of any nationality can do this in any of her colonies, and that is all she asks—a fair field and no favor. As for our sudden discovery that we need colonies in order to get foreign trade, it is a little late. We have already got the trade. Without a single island to our name, our exports, even of manufactured goods, have been increasing enormously from year to year. At the very moment that the Secretary of State congratulates Congress on our having the markets of the world at our mercy, Congress is arguing away for dear life that we must have colonies or we shall never sell a dollar's worth abroad. That is superstition, but it is not dark; it is so transparent that even a Voodoo could see through it.

The argument from resulting military strength is equally baseless. Capt. Mahan has written that it would be a "deplorable mistake" to suppose that the annexation of Hawaii would add to our power unless we increased the navy. We believe, however, that he has since said he does not wish these words of his to be cited against annexation, and that he regrets having left them lying around unguarded. Still, he makes no concealment of his belief that the navy must be enormously enlarged if we are to get the strategic benefit of off-lying islands. But it needs no book or theorist or authority to show how the thing works. Spain is giving the world a complete illustration of the rôle of colonies in war. What have her keys of the Pacific and her naval bases in the Atlantic done for her? They have been the exclusive theatre of war. The Peninsula is safe, Spanish cities and coasts have so far been as unmolested as our own; it is in her colonies that Spain has suffered blow after blow until she is reeling on the verge of ruin.

There is a cant of patriotism, a cant of military and naval theory of the pompous order, in a great deal of the talk of annexation, from which we must free our minds. Common sense about colonies, said John Bright, is "worth far more than feeble sentiment." But as Lord Russell once said of a public man who had changed his opinions rather suddenly, there is something worse than the cant of patriotism, and that is the *recant* of patriotism. That is the great peril to which we are exposed in going forward in the path of conquest—the peril that we shall have to eat all our fine words in favor of freedom and self-government. "The American people," cried Mr. Dolliver, "will take care of the Philippine Islands, of Porto Rico, and of Cuba, and these people will find in us sympathy and anxiety for their welfare." There is the great recantation of American patriotism. In lieu of self-governing communities of free people, we are to extend government over 10,000,000 of those whom we must "take care of," and their views and wishes we do not for a moment propose to consult. And we are to do it with a silly trust in our own luck, with a cool waving away of consequences, and with a reckless disregard of experience which, together make up, as Mr. Gladstone said, as dark a superstition as any that existed in the Middle Ages.

THE NEXT CENSUS.

The bill passed by the Senate providing for the next census, as we have pointed out, practically forbids the appointment of clerks and other subordinate officers through the civil-service rules. It is a "non-partisan" bill, which, of course, means that partisan considerations, and not proved competency, shall govern the selection of enumerators. The plan of "pass" examinations within the bureau has been already tested, and has proved, as it was meant to prove, utterly useless in obtaining competent service, and entirely "practical" in enabling politicians to get places for their nominees. If the coming census is to be managed on this system as the last one was, its results will be equally worthless, and the waste of the public money will be even more shameful. At a time when the resources of the country are already strained, and when no one ventures to set a limit to the cost of the war, it would seem that there should be enough members of the House of Representatives animated by genuine patriotism to effect the amendment of this bill.

Mr. Carroll Wright, who is as familiar as any one in the country with statistical work, and who succeeded Mr. Porter as superintendent of the last census, has estimated that $2,000,000 and more than a year's time would have been saved if the census force had been brought into the classified service. He added: "I do not hesitate to say that one-third of the amount expended under my own administration was absolutely wasted, and wasted principally on account of the fact that the office was not under civil-service rules."

Even Mr. Porter, who advised President Harrison to have appointments made without competitive examinations, was sickened at the results of the policy which he had recommended. He now states that the work of examining and appointing nearly 3,000 clerks literally took up all his time. "Why," he guilelessly asks, "transform the Census Office at its busiest season into an examination department for clerks, and the director of a vast scientific investigation into a dispenser of political patronage? It is simply unjust to such an official. Having passed through the ordeal once, I am satisfied that the other way is more practical and in the end will be better for all concerned."

The severity of this ordeal has been disclosed by the researches of the National Civil-Service Reform League, whose chairman has examined some of Superintendent Porter's books of account. That functionary kept what has been called a "live-stock register," in which accounts were kept with individual Congressmen, debiting them with their respective appointees; the expense of keeping these books being, of course, a public charge. One of these books is a ledger of 400 pages. At the head of every page is the name of the Congressman obtaining the appointments, the names, grades, and salaries of the appointees following. When Congressmen lost their places, their accounts were closed, and their appointees held their places by a precarious tenure. Of course there were honest Congressmen who did not participate in this degrading business; but the effect of their abstention could only be to increase the patronage of the unscrupulous. Yet the most severe defeat ever sustained by the party in power occurred at the close of the year when this distribution of the spoils took place.

The character of these political appointees was not high. Washington contains thousands of people who have been turned out of office frequently for scandalous immorality. It would not be going too far to say that many such people got places in the Census Bureau because of moral delinquencies. Under the competitive system it is, at all events, impossible for applicants to get office by

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officialdom, and military bands, to make the tour of the parish, welcomed by the admiring multitude with a lavish expenditure of illumination and the discharge of innumerable rockets. For the Tagal is pious to a degree, as he understands piety; but, his ideas being essentially concrete, religion, for him, consists in the worship of its tangible symbols with which the churches of his country are so plentifully supplied, and in pilgrimages to its miracle-working shrines such as those of the "Virgin of Antipolo" (Nuestra Señora del Buen Viage y de la Paz) and the "Holy Child of Cebu."

As to the character of the Tagal natives generally, opinions differ widely. According to one of their priests, "they are big children, who must be treated as little ones," and a British consul has recorded his opinion that they "are eminently an estimable, pre-eminently an amiable race" (Palgrave, 'Ulysses.') Indolent they doubtless are, and could hardly but be under a tropical sun and on a soil so fertile that a small amount of labor suffices to procure the necessaries of life. Themselves possessing a considerable degree of physical courage, they admire bravery in others and willingly follow into danger an intrepid leader. Those, however, who have known and studied them longest find it most difficult to sketch their moral portrait, such contradictory characteristics do they present both individually and collectively. Under the eye of a firm and just master, the Tagal is the most tractable of beings and the most useful, being able to turn his hand to anything. He is essentially a fatalist, bears misfortune without emotion and disaster without complaint; is sober to a degree, holding drunkenness in horror and regarding anger as akin to madness. In his person and dwelling he is a pattern of cleanliness to Orientals generally; and among his own people he is social, genial, and hospitable, respectful to the elders of his family, generous to poor relatives, and kind to his children. Of his wife he is exceedingly jealous, though indifferent to her prenuptial indiscretions, and, as a consequence, careless of the honor of his daughters. His one unmistakable vice is gambling, which takes various forms, the one most ruinous to him being cock-fighting, a licensed sport throughout the Philippines.

The Spanish Government has always encouraged marriages between Europeans and native women, and three centuries of such intermarriages, together with those of Chinamen and native women, have produced a large proportion of half-breeds representing every degree of admixture, the Chinese mestizos alone being estimated at one-sixth of the domesticated native population. The Spanish mestizos, together with the Hijos del Pais ("Sons of the Country"), as the Creoles term themselves, constitute an influential body, the majority of whom are established as traders in Manila and the provinces. Owing to their European descent, more or less remote, these half-breeds and Creoles possess considerable business capacity, and many of them have been fairly well educated in the seminaries attached to the more important conventual establishments. Though classes are not very distinctly divided in this Eastern capital, the position of these half-breeds is naturally somewhat equivocal, and as a class they are continually struggling to place themselves on a level with the Peninsular Spaniards, who refuse to them their daughters in marriage. This equivocal position of the Creoles and Spanish mestizos has had its natural result on their character. They are, generally speaking, morose, captious, evasive, and vacillating, fond of intrigue, and ever ready to foster grievances against the Government. The natives, pure and simple, are incapable of organization on any considerable scale, and no revolt confined entirely to them would have any chance of success. But the combined discontent of natives, mestizos, and Creoles has, for some time past, proved itself able to give considerable embarrassment to an unpopular Government.

No stricter line exists between quarters than between races and classes; and in near neighborhood with native *bahays*, we find the almost palatial abodes of wealthy mestizos, Spaniards, and foreigners, surrounded by gardens filled with luxuriant tropical vegetation, many having a frontage to the river as well as to the wide tree-bordered highway. The exterior of these mansions presents a somewhat peculiar appearance, the whole of the upper story, which contains the dwelling-rooms, being enclosed with continuous windows, glazed—if the expression is permissible—with small panes made of oyster shells, ground down to the requisite thinness, which admit the light without the glare of the tropical sun. These *conchas*, as they are called, running in grooves on a thick beam some two feet from the floor, are, as the sunset hour approaches, drawn back and pushed into very small space, leaving the wide veranda they screen open to the soft evening breezes blowing off the river. From below, the ylang-ylang, dama de noche, and so-called jasmin, send up their mingled fragrance, the banana palms blunt their giant leaves against the *conchas;* while masses of the gorgeous double hybiscus, the yellow alamanda, and the delicately tendrilled passion-flower, with climbing plants innumerable, conceal the railings and dividing walls. Each dwelling has its bath-house and boat pier; and, looking up stream as far as the eye can reach, are, dotted here and there along the banks, low wooden cabins or nipa huts built on piles, their high-pitched roofs picturesquely grouped with areca and cocoanut palms and feathery bamboos. Some of these are *tiendas*, which serve as houses of call and restaurants for the numerous passengers on this great natural highway into the interior. Here boatmen and fishermen, squatting on their heels, or reclining under the shady pent-houses, rest during the noontide heats, in turn eating, drinking, smoking, gaming, and chattering. Small bamboo enclosures at the water's edge serve as duck-ponds, and here and there, on the pebbly river-reaches, women and children may, at low tide, be seen picking up shell-fish with their toes, which, from long practice, and also, probably, from heredity, they are able to use as deftly as fingers. Indeed, I never saw a Tagal, male or female, stoop down to pick up with the fingers any object that the toes could possibly grasp. Girls wade bare-legged into the stream to fill their globular earthen pots, or long narrow pitchers, made from a section of bamboo, with a handle of the same, balancing the former on the head, and bearing the latter on the shoulder as they walk with erect if not graceful gait along the raised field-paths to their homes. Great water-buffaloes, with wide-spreading horns, released from the plough or cart, come singly or in groups for their evening bath in the river, attended, if at all, by a small urchin, who, standing upright on the broad back of this familiar companion, guides him merely by a string attached to a split rattan passed through his nostrils. As the huge animal disappears under the water, according to his habits, his rider also plunges into the stream, being almost as amphibious. For Tagal children swim, as they smoke, before they are able to walk; and on Sunday mornings after mass whole families may be seen disporting themselves along the banks, swimming, diving, and splashing each other, with chatter and laughter indescribable.

Ascending the river, one lovely vista after another unfolds itself until we emerge into the wide fresh-water lake of Bai, girdled by a hundred miles or more of varied, ever fertile shore-line, with the lofty cloud-capped peaks of the giant Majajai beyond. With a little enterprise we may penetrate to the cane fields of the Laguna district, where, hid among the hills and coffee groves of Batangas, lies the deep blue, cliff-encircled lake of Taal, with its fairy-like volcano-islet from whose summit a pennon of smoke and fire ever rises and spreads. Across rushing rivers, by sounding waterfalls, till through the dark woods of Tayabas, and over the mid-chain of Luzon, with its giant tree ferns and flowering forest trees innumerable, we emerge on the shores of the boundless Pacific.

But to return again to Manila. After a siesta, tea, and a welcome bath, the sound of carriage wheels and ponies' hoofs on the stone-paved *saguan* below announces that the hour has come for the afternoon drive, and we are presently again crossing the Puente de España, on our way to the Calzada—the wide grass-bordered boulevard which encircles the old walled city on three sides, now crowded with vehicles all proceeding in the same direction. The day's work is just over in the great cigar factory outside the southern walls, and thousands of *cigareras*, women and girls, meet us as they wend their way homewards to the various suburbs. Some are smoking cheroots, others chewing betel, while with bare arms they recoil their luxuriant tresses. Quiet, clean, and orderly, this evening procession of the Manila variety of the genus "factory hand" forms, with its brightly hued and vividly contrasting coloring, one of the prettiest sights of the city. Presently our dusky but faithful Prudencio reins in his ponies on the grassy expanse at the mouth of the river, bounded by the mole, the sea, and the walls, where all the rank and fashion, native and foreign, of the city is gathered or gathering. The wheeled traffic of Manila is enormous, it being computed that as many as 6,000 vehicles pass through the Escolta on a feast day. Here are stylish landaus and victorias, filled with mantillaed Spanish beauties and bejewelled mestizas; the *jeunesse dorée* of the city in elegant *calesas* and *carromattas*, or hooded gigs, driven hansom-fashion from behind, containing two or three native belles in costumes more costly in their elaborate *piña* embroidery and jewelled accessories than those of the most stylish European ladies present.

Monuments are not numerous at Manila, and here stands one that must not be overlooked. It is a much-dilapidated brick erection, bearing a tablet which extols, for the benefit of the natives, the heroic and patriotic deeds of Don Simon de Anda y Salazar, who, according to the Spanish version of this historical event, expelled in 1763 the invading British, and thus covered himself with

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inextinguishable glory! This version of the evacuation of the Philippines and Cuba by the British at the conclusion of the Seven Years' War in exchange for Canada, Florida, Louisiana, several West Indian islands, and the Mediterranean island of Minorca is repeated in all seriousness by a French author (Montano, 'Voyage aux Philippines,' p. 36).

But the sun is already sinking behind the great mountain-mass of Mariveles on the western side of the great bay, throwing its deep blue, serrated summit into clear relief against the gold and crimson clouds. Presently the sunset gun booms from the fortress, the Angelus chimes from the many church towers within, and every hat is reverently raised. The carriage lamps are now twinkling in hundreds; the Governor-General's chariot, with its four ponies and postilions, sets off at a trot; and the long procession is again in motion. Darker grow the skies, and the four brilliant stars which compose the wonderful "Southern Cross" hang above the horizon like glowing lamps. And, as we recross the bridge, from every craft on the broad river gleam lights from stem, stern, and masthead, mirrored and multiplied in the eddying current below.

CHUQUET'S YOUTH OF NAPOLEON.

PARIS, June 2, 1898.

M. Arthur Chuquet gives us a sequel to his first volume on the youth of Napoleon, which had for its subtitle "Brienne." The second has for subtitle "The Revolution" (Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.). It deals with Napoleon's life during the first part of the French Revolution, and has been composed not only from documents in the National Archives and the Archives of the Ministry of War, but also from many printed documents. M. Chuquet has used chiefly the 'Napoléon Inconnu' of Frédéric Masson, which he speaks of as "that essential, capital work, which contains extracts from Napoleon's reading, his letters to Joseph in 1790, the entire text of the 'Lyons Discourse,' the authentic text of the 'Letters on Corsica.'" The Abbé Letteron, President of the Society of Historical and Natural Sciences of Corsica, who has printed many documents concerning Napoleon, and many other students, in France and in Italy, have furnished M. Chuquet with interesting details. Few historians have the faculty of creating order out of the chaos of documents, and, valuable as are the works of M. Chuquet, it cannot be denied that they cannot be read without fatigue.

The development of the mind of the young officer when, having left the military school, he entered a regiment, has an evident interest. M. Chuquet shows him giving himself with ardor, during the tedious hours of garrison life, to study and reading. "At Valence he devoured the books of the librarian Aurel and borrowed books from M. de Josselin. At Auxonne, while his comrades complained of that ugly place of residence, where were no distractions and they did not know what to do with themselves, he shut himself up in his room and gave all his free hours to reading." Napoleon had a sort of thirst for every kind of reading. Rollin, Mably, the Memoirs of Tott (which he cited afterwards at St. Helena), the history of England by John Barrow were read among the first. He delighted in the collection of 'L'Espion Anglais,' a work now forgotten, in which he found many particulars on the state of France, the disorder of her finances, the defects of her administration, the pretensions of the Parlements, the chaos of the provincial assemblies. 'The English Spy' was half serious and half anecdotic; it made Napoleon acquainted with the gossip of Paris and with the doctrines of the economists; it spoke of Turgot, of Malesherbes, of Necker and Madame Necker, of Voltaire's last triumph in Paris, of Rousseau's death at Ermenonville, of the admirals and generals who had taken part in the American war, of Franklin's mission. Napoleon made extracts from all the most interesting parts of his readings; and M. Masson has well shown the importance of some of these extracts. He chose in every book the most important and essential portion; he discussed the campaigns of Hannibal, the movements of Alexander in Asia; he criticised Rollin, Herodotus, Xenophon, Pausanias, Strabo; he took a lively interest in the government and finances of all countries, ancient and modern.

His literary tastes were formed also in that period from 1785 to 1791. He disliked comedy, and took no pleasure even in Molière; he wanted something serious on the stage, in accordance with his grave Corsican character. Tragedy was to him the school of great characters and of heroes. Even at St. Helena he reread with pleasure the 'General Principles' of Domairon, a writer now unknown, who, as professor, had taught him that tragedy, by representing an action at once heroic and terrible, spoke to the highest and noblest instincts of man. Napoleon knew by heart a number of verses from Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, and liked to declaim them. Corneille was his favorite, and "Cinna" the piece which he preferred. In 1791 he was still sentimental, and admired the fine scene of the clemency of Augustus; he wept over it, and said that "the tears of sentiment are the voluptuousness of the soul." Later, under the Consulate, he said that clemency was a petty virtue when not inspired by policy, and that Augustus's action was but the ruse of a tyrant.

The sentimentalism of Napoleon's early youth was well shown in his intense admiration for the famous 'Paul and Virginia' of Bernardin de St. Pierre. He remained faithful to the end to poor Virginia, and at St. Helena he read passages from it aloud to his officers, "in recollection of his former years." Under the Consulate, he gave to Bernardin de St. Pierre a pension of 2,400 francs; but much as he admired 'Paul and Virginia,' he would take no notice of the 'Studies of Nature,' by the same author, full of scientific errors. When Bernardin complained to him of the scientists, who would not even discuss with him, "Do you know," said Napoleon to him, "the differential calculus? Go and learn it first."

It was not enough for Napoleon to read, he would write also, and he tried his hand in many ways. He wrote a short novel, entitled 'The Count of Essex,' and 'The Prophetic Mask,' an episode in the history of the Arabs. His head was turned at one time, during his sentimental period, by Rousseau's 'Confessions' and 'Nouvelle Héloïse.' At a later period he was disgusted with Rousseau, and called him a tiresome idealizer; he once said to Stanislas de Girardin, "Time will show if it would not have been better for the tranquillity of the world that neither Rousseau nor I had ever existed." But during the revolutionary years which followed 1785 Rousseau was his idol; he adopted the ideas and even the phraseology of the 'Discourse on Inequality.'

Raynal, author of the 'Philosophical History of the Two Indias,' furnished him with many ideas, and taught him to love liberty, to detest the great conquerors, to sympathize with the American colonies struggling for their independence. Napoleon's Catholic faith had been shaken even at the school of Brienne; Rousseau and Raynal turned him completely to the philosophical school. Curiously enough, he was chiefly struck by the possible opposition of Christianity and the State; he wrote some remarks on the subject after reading the 'Contrat Social':

"Is not," he asked, "the spirit of Christianity contrary to the spirit of all government? Can a religion which knows no country, since its kingdom is not of this world, attach hearts to the fatherland? . . . Is its clergy not an independent body? Do not its ministers try to become rich and powerful, so as to dominate the other classes? . . . Has not Christianity been the cause of many wars? It was, it is true, persecuted by the Cæsars; but could paganism wait till the Christians had *manifested?* Was it not divined that they would never content themselves with a metaphysical empire, that they aimed to destroy the established government as well as the established religion, that they meant some day to have the real power?"

These lines date from the month of May, 1786, and form one of the most interesting essays of the young lieutenant. We can see already in them the feelings of the future Cæsar, of the powerful Emperor who kept a Pope captive at Fontainebleau, and who treated the French bishops as mere functionaries. On this fundamental point of the relations of Church and State, the ideas or rather the instincts of Napoleon never changed; he was a pure Italian, and considered religion as one of the means of government. He vindicated the rights of the State, and considered that the ministers of religion were subjects like all others, that they could not be legislators nor masters in their country, but were bound to obey the orders of the sovereign. In this respect he was a real Cæsar of paganism.

In 1786, in one of his visits to Corsica, Napoleon, who had ceased very early to be a believer, wrote a parallel between Jesus Christ and Apollonius of Tyana. His dissertation, which was deemed very remarkable by Lucien, has disappeared. He gave the manuscript to Fréron, who did not give it back to him. One day, under the Consulate, Lucien reminded Napoleon of it. "Don't mention it," said he. "I should become embroiled with Rome. My concordat would be looked upon as the work of Beelzebub."

The Lieutenant Bonaparte long remained a true Corsican, and espoused all the passions of his native island and of his clan. He seemed for a while a stranger to any other feeling, and was far more Corsican than French. France before 1789 appeared to him the foreign enemy. The divisions of the island and of their factions have lost all their interest for the present generation; Corsica has become a French department like the others, and the memory of Napoleon has not a little contributed to sink the Corsican nationality in the great French unity. M. Chuquet analyzes with fatiguing minuteness events and feelings now so completely forgotten; he might have remember-

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ed the words of Paoli, which he cites: "Lasciamo questa disputa ai otiosi." The "Letters on Corsica," written by Napoleon, partly at Auxonne and partly in Corsica, were a mere sketch of the history of Corsica. "I was quite right," said Napoleon afterwards, "in not having them printed."

There is not much new matter in the long chapter which M. Chuquet writes on Bastia, on the Bonaparte family, and the part which its members took in the beginning of the Revolution. M. Masson has fairly exhausted this subject. When Napoleon entered the artillery, he had to leave Auxonne and his friends of the regiment de La Fère. M. Chuquet takes the trouble to give us the history of all these friends, though it seems to us quite unnecessary. He is as careful to find out all that concerns the new comrades of the regiment of artillery at Valence, where Napoleon was in garrison. His volume, in some parts, reads too much like the 'Annual of the Army,' to be found in all the French cafés frequented by officers. A few days after the arrival of Napoleon at Valence Louis XVI. fled to Varennes and was brought back to Paris as a prisoner. The new Constitution obliged all officers to take an oath of fidelity to the King and to the Constitution; the oath was to be written and signed. Napoleon took it, like those of his comrades who did not emigrate; but he was already in favor of a republican government, and at that time he saw no further necessity for a sovereign.

There were two clubs at Valence; Napoleon joined the club of the "Friends of the Constitution." He made speeches in it, and showed much "civism," to use a word of the time. In the midst of the general excitement, however, he continued his studies in all directions, and the Academy of Lyons having offered a prize to the best author of a memoir on the subject, "What truths and sentiments is it best to inculcate in men for their happiness?" Napoleon took his pen and wrote a memoir on the subject. It is hardly necessary to analyze, as M. Chuquet has done, this emphatic "Discours de Lyons"; it did not get the prize, and did not deserve it. The memoir is made up entirely of reminiscences of Rousseau, of Raynal, and others.

In the last chapter of this new volume we return to Ajaccio, and we are treated to the history of the troubles of the island during Napoleon's furlough. At the rate at which M. Chuquet is going on, it is impossible to say how many volumes he will have to write before he kills Napoleon at St. Helena. Much as we may commend the exactitude and the zeal of this writer, we could wish him more imbued with the spirit of the true historian who knows how to get rid of the scaffolding of his edifice.

Correspondence.

THE FEDERAL INHERITANCE TAX.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When you prepare for the readers of the *Nation* your promised remarks on the new United States tax on inheritance, you will scarcely fail to note the curious fact that of all the forms, rates, and percentages which that tax has been prepared to assume in the numerous cases provided for, the heaviest and most punitory are made to fall on bequests to charitable and educational corporations. As I understand it, the tax is 5 per cent. on all legacies to corporations, increasing to 10 per cent. when the amount is large. When to that is added the usual State tax on collateral inheritance, they will together confiscate 15 per cent., or about one-sixth, of all bequests to charitable uses, which universally take the corporate form.

Was this robbery of the poor, the blind, the halt, and unfortunate intentional, or merely ignorant, indifferent, and reckless?

There may be in Congress some cross-roads "statesmen" who really detest industry, saving, and all other honest methods of accumulating competence. But do any of them wish to punish those who are willing, at the expense of their own families, to bequeath of their savings to the purely altruistic purposes of charity and education? And yet thousands of schools, colleges, museums, asylums, and homes for the afflicted have been established and are supported on just such bequests.

We in Pennsylvania have not recently been led to expect much from our own Senators that is charitable, wise, or good. But where were the representatives of New England and the great States of the middle West, when this punishment was decreed against charity and education without one voice raised in their behalf? The public of our country contributes hundreds of millions in taxation with its own consent, every year, to support those noble objects. Do our national legislators deem it impolitic, or criminal, and punishable with confiscation, for individual testators to aid by contributing from their own means? But since not a voice was raised, or an amendment introduced, in favor of charity or learning, it is hard to see how the world can arrive at any other conclusion.

At all events, until this act be modified, we stand marked and branded by our own national Legislature as the only civilized people among mankind bent on stifling all testamentary generosity to charitable institutions by punishment and confiscation. We are made falsely to appear as preferring to maintain our government by tearing away private alms from the mouths of the poor, rather than by the willing and mutual contributions of the free and strong. How long will the better disposed of our legislators suffer this shameful stigma to endure? I. J. W.

Philadelphia, June 17, 1898.

OUR ARCHIPELAGIC FELLOW-CITIZENS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Referring to the suggestion in your issue of June 16—that in whatever subjection the United States may hold motley populations of Pacific islands, we must expect that their children will be citizens of this country, that no State can exclude them from its limits, and that Congress itself will be obliged to welcome them to citizenship—it is interesting to notice the act of Congress of May 11, 1880, 21 Stat. L. 131, prohibiting Indians from going to Texas.

It is, of course, true that the position of the Indians is peculiar, but the position of the Philippine Islands is also out of the common, and the position of Texas, being specially designated as a reservation for others than Indians, is clearly exceptional. In case we cannot exclude Asiatic citizens of new territory, would it not be still possible to extend this reservation system; or, if we cannot save the whole country, cannot we save Texas?—Yours truly,

E. Parmalee Prentice.

Chicago, June 18 1898.

INSTINCT AND REASON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I wish to draw the attention of such of your readers as are interested in the discussion of the nature of instinct, to a curious example of it, as distinct from reason, which I have lately witnessed.

Entering the parlor of a friend the other day, my attention was instantly attracted to a Florida mocking-bird. He was flying about in an eager manner, with something like a long black straw in his bill. My friend entering, I asked: "What is your bird doing?" "Building a nest," she answered. "Has he a mate?" "No, he has never had one," she replied, "nor has he ever seen a nest. That black straw is a shaving of whalebone which lasts him better than anything else." At this moment the bird flew into a corner of the cage, and, stooping, dropped the whalebone, waited a moment as if for some response, and then flew away to repeat the manœuvre.

"Does he not want something soft?" I asked. "I sometimes give him yarn or wool; he tears it all up, works it all over, and then carries it to that corner. He evidently thinks it his duty to provide material, but he does not undertake to use it." "And what will he do next?" I asked. "He will, after a day or two, brood over that corner, sitting close and spreading his wings out as broadly as possible. He does this two or three times a day." "And after that?" "Later the paternal instinct seems to be aroused in a different way. He goes to his food cup, takes some food in his mouth, and drops it into his corner. He repeats this several times, as if he were feeding his young. I do not know how many young birds he ought to expect, but I should like to know, to see if he counts right!"

I have sometimes known a male canary to build a nest in the spring, carrying the process nearer to completion, but I have never heard of an instance like this, and think it may interest others than myself.

Caroline H. Dall.

14 Harris St., Newburyport, Mass., June 18, 1898.

CARLYLE BIBLIOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Can any of your readers inform me if they have ever seen a copy of Carlyle's 'Heroes and Hero-Worship' published by an American firm in 1841, or an English edition published between 1841 and 1846? If I could only learn of the existence of such editions, or be assured that they do *not* exist, the knowledge would be most useful in settling a point in the bibliography of Carlyle.

Does any one know of any library, public or private, rich in Carlyleana?

Archibald MacMechan.

Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S., June 13, 1898.

Notes.

The second volume in Oman's 'History of the Art of War,' dealing with the Middle Ages from the fourth to the fourteenth century; 'The Sphere of Science: A Study of the Nature and Method of Scientific Investigations,' by Prof. Frank Sargent Hoffman of Union College; and 'Christianity and Anti-Christianity in their Final Conflict,' by

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Samuel J. Andrews, D.D., are in the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

M. F. Mansfield, New York, will publish immediately 'Gladstone the Man,' by David Williamson, with numerous illustrations.

The next publication of the Marion Press, Jamaica, New York, will consist of two poems of sea-fights with Spain, "Drake's Drum," by Henry Newbolt, and Tennyson's "The Revenge, a Ballad of the Fleet." The edition is limited to 120 copies on hand-made paper.

On July 1 Henry Holt & Co. will issue 'Rupert of Hentzau,' by Anthony Hope, a sequel to his 'Prisoner of Zenda,' together with a new uniform edition of the latter; both having full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson.

A new copyright edition of 'The Story of John G. Paton,' with the original illustrations, will shortly be brought out by A. C. Armstrong & Son and the American Tract Society conjointly.

Ellwood Roberts, Norristown, Pa., has ready for delivery 'Old Richland Families,' a genealogical record relating to Bucks County in that State.

Now that the completion of the Dictionary of the Brothers Grimm is, comparatively speaking, near at hand, the son of one of the brothers urges the necessity of a new German dictionary which should have its birthplace not at Berlin but at Weimar, in the halls of the Goethe-Schiller-Archiv, and whose makers should proceed, not like Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, from Gothic, Old and Middle High German forms, but from the language of the present time. The first task of this new dictionary would be to give permanence to the language of Goethe, since a large proportion of it was inaccessible to the Grimm brothers, "the insufficiency of whose German Dictionary, begun fifty years ago, is universally felt." In the article from which we quote ("Die Zukunft des Weimarischen Goethe-Schiller-Archivs," in the June *Rundschau*), Herman Grimm indulges in prognostications and hopes with regard to that institution which deserve notice as coming from one who commenced his Goethe studies about the same time that his uncle and father published the first instalments of their Dictionary.

M. Casimir Stryienski is preparing for publication the continuation of the 'Mémoires' of the Comtesse Potocka. This volume will contain an account of travel in Italy during 1826 and 1827, in the course of which the Comtesse Potocka fell in with various members of the Bonaparte family, then in exile. M. Stryienski has also sent to the *Nouvelle Revue* an article on Balzac and Stendhal, which contains two unpublished fragments of the 'Chartreuse de Parme.'

It is not exactly his Memoirs which M. François Coppée is now engaged in writing, but rather (as M. Émile Berr explains in the *Revue Bleue* of May 28) some souvenirs of childhood and youth, which he will make as impersonal as is possible. His aim is to tell the story of Paris as he remembers it during the last fifty years—not its history, but its life as it impressed him in his boyhood and in his later years. It will be a study of the *petite bourgeoisie*—the household life which he shared, and in which his mind and soul accomplished their development. The work is scarcely begun, and the first volume of it will not be finished before the 1st of August. The *Revue Hebdomadaire* will publish it, and to how many volumes it will run M. F. Coppée himself has no clear notion. He will let his pen go, following the thread of his memories, with no settled intention beyond that of coming to an end at the fatal date of 1870.

M. Eugène Montfort has printed in pamphlet form the somewhat interesting exposition of "Naturisme" which he delivered as a lecture at the congress of Brussels three or four months ago. Naturism, it may be explained to those who do not follow with eager watchfulness the rise and progress of the "young" French schools in literature, is a new literary gospel adapted for the use of youth, which was first put forward—possibly invented—about three years ago by M. Saint-Georges de Bouhélier. Its chief mission seems to be to react against the well-worn dogma of "art for art." The Naturists wish to use Art for certain humane and social ends. They also have much to say about the mystic depths in the soul of man, and it is this hidden *vie secrète* which it is the mission of the poet to comprehend and adorn. Certain great poets, they think, have known this secret, and they lament the attitude of many of the "young" towards such writers as Lamartine. It will be seen that these young gentlemen are looking back rather than forward, but reaction is perhaps, at least for the moment, the most clearly defined movement in French literary evolution.

The Bulletin of the Boston Public Library for June contains the last part of the useful list of works on Social Reform. This instalment includes the various schemes, as anarchism, communism, coöperation, etc., and the functions of the State in ownership, education, and charity. There is an author-index of about 1,200 names, and a subject-index.

There has just issued from the Government Printing-Office at Washington a descriptive list entitled, 'Alaska and the Northwest Part of North America, 1588-1898: Maps in the Library of Congress,' by the superintendent of maps and charts, P. Lee Phillips. The list consists of 101 pages, of which the first 15 antedate the present century. There is one entry for the 16th, and one (1648-1869) for the 17th century.

The origin of the Great Barrier Reef of Australia has long been a subject of discussion among naturalists, who have generally held, with Darwin, that a barrier reef can be formed only on a region of subsidence. Dr. Alexander Agassiz, in a paper published in the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard College (Vol. 28, No. 4), gives his reasons for dissenting from this view. He holds that the present condition of the reef can be explained by the mere action of erosion and denudation. The required depression unquestionably exists, but it dates back to the Cretaceous period, and there is nothing to warrant the claim that the coral growth began at that time. Dr. Agassiz's paper, illustrated by forty-two plates and charts, contains a general sketch of the physical geography of this region, and a careful description of the different localities which were explored. It concludes with an examination of the theories of other writers, especially Jukes and Saville-Kent.

A notice, with portrait, of the late James Joseph Sylvester, Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford, and formerly Professor of Mathematics in Johns Hopkins University, appears in the Proceedings of the Royal Society of London for May 9. In the writer's opinion, Sylvester was one of the greatest mathematicians of all time, though it may be doubted whether he will take a place among those who "occupy absolutely the front rank." His greatest achievement was probably his paper, entitled "Algebraical Researches," printed in the Philosophical Transactions for 1864; but his published works do not properly represent his genius and greatness. He was so oppressed with floods of ideas that he was unable suitably to organize his researches. His personal character was one of singular beauty, and its salient points were simplicity and honesty.

"Evidence of the antiquity of man furnished by ossiferous caverns in glaciated districts" is the subject of the anniversary address of Dr. Henry Hicks, retiring President of the Geological Society of London, published in the May number of its *Quarterly Journal*. The author shows conclusively that the palæolithic implements found in association with the remains of extinct mammalia of the pre-glacial or glacial period are those of man living at the same period. The same number contains an illustrated paper by Mr. E. J. Garwood and Dr. J. W. Gregory on the "Glacial Geology of Spitsbergen," in which are demonstrated the upward flow of glacial ice and the transportation of materials from lower to higher levels.

A movement, strongly akin to a revival of historic Gallicanism, has in recent months been developed in certain sections of the Roman Catholic Church in France, and has begun the publication of a Paris organ, *Le Chrétien Français*. The agitation is for independence of thought and the establishment of evangelical principles in the Church of France. A score or more of priests have severed their connection with the dominant church, and have declared allegiance to the new movement. Father Abbé Bourrier, formerly a high ecclesiastic, is editor of the journal. Its motto is declared to be: "Nothing but the Gospel; but also, the Gospel entire."

A great stir is reported among the *bouquinistes* of the Rive Gauche in Paris and their faithful customers. The extension of the Orléans railway line to the Quai d'Orsay has displaced for a time the bookstalls established along the parapets. The booksellers of the Quai d'Orsay are the first to go; they betake themselves to the Quai de la Terrasse, and will not come back again, it is said, for two years. Those of the Quais Conti, Voltaire, and Malaquais are exiled only for some months. They are going across the river, and will set themselves up temporarily on the right bank of the Seine. About a hundred and fifty booksellers in all are scattered, but their annoyance, it may be supposed, will be far less than that of the much greater number of the quiet frequenters of the bookstalls, whose daily visits to their favorite haunts will be sadly disarranged.

In accordance with a recent decision of the Minister of Education, the degree of M.D. will hereafter be conferred by Prussian universities only upon candidates who have passed the medical state examination prescribed by the laws of the Empire. The academical honor will, therefore, be tantamount to a practitioner's license. This is as it ought to be, but it has not been so heretofore. In fact, under present conditions, a doctor of medicine of one of the foremost universities might render himself

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liable to prosecution by putting his title on the street-door of the wall of his house (thereby misleading the public), while there would be no objection to his attaching the *Dr. Med.* to his name on the door-plate of his private room or the entrance to his flat. Exceptions under the new regulations will be made in favor of foreigners and of students from the German States who do not intend to become practitioners, but who, in addition to their *Fachstudium* in the philosophical faculty (*e. g.*, zoölogy, or experimental psychology), pursue medical studies sufficient to meet the requirements for the degree of doctor of medicine.

To fill the vacancy caused at Harvard by the approaching "sabbatical year" of Prof. Ashley, Dr. William Cunningham of Trinity College, Cambridge, England, has been engaged for his countryman's second half-year. Dr. Cunningham is not unknown to our readers as a writer on English economic history, being the author of the substantial two-volume treatise on 'The Growth of English Industry and Commerce' and of many other works. In 1891, he was chairman of the Economic Section of the British Association, and he has recently held for a time the Tooke professorship of Economic Science at King's College, London.

On Monday, June 13, commemorative exercises were held in honor of the late Prof. Herbert Tuttle, at Cornell University. Prof. Tuttle's reputation rests mainly upon his unfinished but excellent History of Prussia, which has been universally recognized as the best work in the English language upon its subject He held the chair of modern European history at Cornell, and died upon the morning of commencement day in 1894. The proceedings on Monday consisted in the presentation to the European history seminary-room in the University Library of an excellent portrait of the late professor, painted by his widow, Mrs. Mary McArthur Tuttle, who is an artist of great skill and acknowledged repute. Most of Prof. Tuttle's former colleagues were present on the occasion, and speeches were delivered by President Schurman, Prof. George Lincoln Burr, Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, and Prof. H. Morse Stephens. Mrs. Tuttle has, in addition, given to Cornell University the original manuscripts of her husband's historical works.

From the Cape to Cairo is the aim of an African expedition which has just left England under the leadership of Major Gibbons. The party, which consists of nine Englishmen, carries with it two aluminium boats, and a barge in which a large part of the journey of 12,000 miles is to be made. The proposed route is to ascend the Zambesi from its mouth to the limit of navigation, and from thence across the watershed into the basin of the Congo, to the Lakes Tanganyika and Victoria, and then down the Nile. The most difficult, if not the most dangerous, part of the undertaking will be the transportation of the boats over the mountainous region between the two lakes. Major Gibbons expects to be gone eighteen months, hoping to reach Khartum by August of next year.

The eleventh International Congress of Orientalists in Paris decided to hold their next convention in the Eternal City. The committee of arrangements, of which Prof. Angelo de Gubernatis is chairman, has issued, in French, a preliminary announcement of the coming Congress, which will sit, not in September, as has hitherto been the custom, but early in October, and the document issued gives excellent reasons for this change, one of the chief being sanitary. The King of Italy has consented to be patron of the Congress, and the Ministry of Public Instruction has promised its coöperation. The sessions will take place in the University buildings.

—The senior class of Smith College chose this year for the customary Shakspere dramatics "Much Ado About Nothing," an undertaking less ambitious than last year's "Merchant of Venice." One who witnessed both performances writes: "The scenic opportunities were, of course, unequal, and the needful cutting of 'Much Ado About Nothing' robbed it of much of its rather slender proportion of high poetic diction. The trained delivery called for was of a different order, therefore, from that exacted by the 'Merchant,' but was still the point on which the stress of criticism must fall. Distinctness and calculated measure were essential to give full weight to quip and repartee and innuendo in which 'Much Ado' abounds, and it must be said in general that the deficiency was more noticeable than last year. Whereas, too, the men's parts in the 'Merchant' were decidedly more successful than the women's, the reverse was true in 'Much Ado.' Both *Beatrice* and *Hero* were very attractively and on the whole competently played; the male characters fared indifferently or badly. *Dogberry* and the watch were somewhat overdone. The marriage scene was, perhaps, most effective. Altogether, the play gave genuine pleasure, and the audience was justly entitled to manifest its approval, but this was constantly ill-timed, and it is to be hoped that the next class will have the courage to prescribe on its programme entire abstinence from applause till after the close of a scene or an act. To interrupt the action with it is unpardonable."

—The Rev. R. G. MacBeth's 'Making of the Canadian West' (Toronto: William Briggs) may be regarded as a sequel to his 'Selkirk Settlers in Real Life.' In the former work he described the attempt of Lord Selkirk to relieve the Scotch Highlands of their poorer inhabitants by establishing a colony on the Red River. In 1814 his first band was dispatched, only to endure the united attacks of climate and the North-west Fur Company. In the end, however, the remnant of its numbers gained a foothold, and their descendants have proved to be a stronger stock in Manitoba than the squatters of French origin. Mr. MacBeth's present subject is the history of Manitoba and the Territories between Confederation and the School Act of 1890. His second title reminds us that he has been an eye-witness of what he relates, and it may be also stated that his father before him was an opponent of Riel at Fort Garry in the days of Scott's murder. Riel, with the movement for which he stands, is the central figure of this sketch, for the most interesting part of the action turns about troubles arising from the purchase of Hudson's Bay land by the Dominion of Canada. In the spring of 1869 Sir George Cartier and William Macdougall, representing the new federation, arranged with the Hudson's Bay Company to purchase £300,000 worth of its grant, on which at the time about ten thousand Scotchmen and *bois-brûlés* were settled. At this juncture differences of race temperament began to show themselves. The Scotch felt sure that they would receive eventual justice from Canada, while the French half-breeds—"more fiery and easily excited, more turbulent of spirit and warlike in disposition, accustomed to passages at arms with any who would cross their path, and withal, as a class, less well informed on current events than their white brethren—were not satisfied with the course that seemed to them to place their rights in jeopardy." Mr. MacBeth's account of the two risings which were due to misunderstanding between the French and the Government is conceived in a spirit of justice, and he is at less pains to champion the cause which he upheld than most of his compatriots in Manitoba would be.

—Prof. F. A. Aulard, whose knowledge of the history of the French Revolution is unsurpassed, both in depth and in minuteness, publishes in the *Revue Bleue* of May 14 a brief and luminous article entitled, "Le Tutoiement pendant la Révolution." It is known by most people that the use of "thee" and "thou" obtained largely at this epoch, and it is also known by many that this use was ephemeral. M. Aulard gives us the whole history from its rise to its disappearance. It did not spring, as might be natural to think, from any instinct of low envy or insolence, but was the deliberate attempt of a little body of doctrinaires to establish democratic equality. Just as the first movement toward a republic in France was made by a few men of letters who had hard work to persuade the workingmen that it could be possible to get along without a king, so the democratic reform of manners was imagined and popularized by a few cultivated people of the upper class. The first person to advocate the *tutoiement* appears to have been a woman of noble birth, daughter of the Chevalier Guynement de Kéralio, and wife of François Robert, who was an advocate of Liège, an ardent Revolutionist, and who, later, represented the Department of Paris in the National Convention. Mme. Robert was somewhat more advanced in her views than Mme. Roland, and no love was wasted between these ladies, who differed not only in politics but also socially. Besides her salon, Mme. Robert founded a newspaper, the *Mercure National*, of which she was editor-in-chief, assisted by her father and her husband. It was she who, under a pseudonym, published in the *Mercure* of December 14, 1790, an article entitled "Sur l'influence des mots et le pouvoir de l'usage," in which the *tutoiement* was first proposed. Already the words *citoyen* and *citoyenne* had begun to replace monsieur and madame, and the *tutoiement* was really not much more than a logical carrying out of this.

—Whether the new mode came into use at once, M. Aulard is unable to say, but by the 10th of August, 1792, it was usually employed by the popular societies in their debates. In 1793 it had become in Paris a badge of advanced democratic opinions, and later in the year, on October 31 (10th Brumaire, An II.), a numerous deputation was sent from the societies to the Convention to demand a decree establishing its use. The decree was refused, but the petition was inserted in the *Bulletin* with an invitation to all citizens to use only such language as should convey the steadfast principles of equality. On the 21st Brumaire a second attempt, also fruitless, was made to obtain

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a decree. This was really needless, for the Committee of Public Safety had already adopted the usage. "Thee" and "thou" triumphed, but its reign was short. After the democratic check of Thermidor, "vous" came back again, and by Prairial of the year III. (May, 1795) the *tutoiement* had almost entirely passed out of use, at least among private persons. The Committee of Public Safety kept it up in its correspondence, and the Conventionals used it among themselves for awhile, but after the Convention it had generally disappeared. M. Aulard writes of it with respect and with regret. It was, he thinks, one of the forms of the noble idea of brotherhood on which the true Fathers of the Revolution wished to build their state, and, ephemeral as it was, marks a notable moment in French social evolution and deserves something quite different from the disdain of history.

—Dr. Albrecht Wirth has been before the public for some time as an extensive traveller through the wilds of Central Africa, and also through Siberia and Eastern Asia, with the outlying archipelagos. His latest work in German relates the history of Formosa, and bears the title, 'Geschichte Formosa's bis Anfang 1898' (Bonn: Carl Georgi). Wirth saw the island twice, and gathered valuable information. In writing the above publication he intended at first an historical sketch only; but since historiography in our time needs help and illustration from many other sciences, especially natural, the volume has swelled into a small cyclopædia of the island. Formosa is situated in the China Sea, opposite the Fo-Kien province, and extends northward for 220 miles from north latitude 22 degrees. The spine or crest of the island lies in its central part, and reaches an average altitude of four thousand feet. Its great length and inconsiderable breadth give to the island a form closely resembling that of a huge banana. Its cordillera is of volcanic origin, and the plutonic fires are not extinct, but slumbering, their activity being evidenced by hot springs, sulphurous emissions, and frequent earthquakes. The event which submerged the lands once connecting Formosa with the Chinese main took place in recent geologic periods, and the depth of the ocean between the two is even now not great. The eastern slope of Formosa is abrupt; the western and northwestern parts form plains and lowlands, which are infested by fevers and other distempers for several months in the year, the only healthful part being the southern extremity. A considerable number of different races inhabit the country, five or six of them having settled there long before the advent of the European. There are Mongols, Melanesians and Polynesians, Malays, and Negrito tribes, the dwarf nations of the interior belonging to this last class. The ethnic distinctions between all these groups, together with their history, are minutely described by the author, and evidently constitute the main object of his interesting book. There are populations in the centre of the mountains which have never been studied or seen by travellers, and all sorts of horrid stories circulate among the Formosans concerning them. Among the whites the Dutch colonists played an important part in the seventeenth century; then followed an invasion of Chinese, who settled there in large numbers, and engrafted themselves so deeply that to oust them will be well-nigh impossible. The insular kingdom of Japan has, through its late war with China, obtained hold of Formosa, and is colonizing it now under many difficulties which are graphically and humorously portrayed by Wirth at the end of his 'Geschichte.'

WARD'S WISEMAN.

The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. By Wilfrid Ward, author of 'William George Ward and the Oxford Movement,' 'William George Ward and the Catholic Revival,' 'Witnesses to the Unseen,' etc. 2 volumes. With portraits. Longmans, Green & Co.

In his two books upon his father's Anglican and Roman career, as well as in other writings, Mr. Wilfrid Ward has shown a mind so subtle and ingenious, and so much skill as a biographer, that our expectations with regard to his Life of Cardinal Wiseman were naturally great. If they have not been seriously disappointed, they have not been fully met. The book is large, but it is made so more by the copiousness of Mr. Ward's extracts from letters and other documents than by the abundance of his own matter, which suffers from its failure to absorb the essence of the material in hand, and lacks the color which such absorption would have given. As compared with the books on William George Ward, we feel the lack of personal engagement with the theme, and at some critical junctures fancy that we detect a disposition to shuffle off the mortal tiresomeness of the whole business with as little pains as possible to make it understood.

Nicholas Wiseman was born in Seville, August 2, 1802, and died in London February 15, 1865. His father was a Spanish merchant, belonging to an English Catholic family; his mother was of Irish extraction, but her name (Xaviera Strange) is eloquent of some Spanish mixture in her blood. An early playfellow was the celebrated Blanco White, of whom Wiseman wrote in 1830 that "he was, without exception, the most pious, the most amiable, and the most clever young man he ever knew, when he took orders." In 1810 Wiseman went to Ushaw College, near Durham, England, and remained there eight years. He was always considered stupid and dull by his companions, and made few friends, and he speaks of his college years as desolate; but they were studious, with much voluntary reading, and his place at the conclusion of his studies was at the top of his class. For six years, from his seventeenth to his twenty-third, he was a student in the English College in Rome, an establishment revived in 1818, after ten years of hibernation. We have some interesting reminiscences of his student life; one of the Abbate Cancelliari, whose works, Niebuhr said, contained "everything that was superfluous," and who wrote on such exciting topics as "Head Physicians of the Popes" and "Men of Great Memories who have Lost their Memories." The event of this period was the burning of the splendid old basilica of St. Paul's. That Wiseman assisted, in the French manner, at the conflagration, added much zest to his participation in the consecration of the present church, which is an elaborate copy of the former one, in 1854. The death of Pius VII. and the coronation of Leo XII. were other incidents that touched the imagination of a youth extremely sensitive to whatever was spectacular or dramatic. His student years did much to make him that "résumé of Rome" which he was described as being in his maturer years.

Great was his happiness, he tells us, when he was "freed from the yoke of a repressive discipline and left to follow the bent of his own inclinations." He became a dreamy wanderer through the by-ways of the ancient city, soaking his heart in its antiquities and their associations. In 1827 he was made Vice-Rector of the English College, but his talent was far less for administration than for study. His 'Horæ Syriacæ' was the precocious but deceitful promise of a life of scholarly activity. His studies won him such friends as Niebuhr and Bunsen, and commendation as distinguished as it was sincere. On the other hand, his laborious defence of that most gross corruption of the Greek text of the New Testament, "the text of the three Heavenly witnesses," suggests a doubt of his possessing that absolute critical sincerity without which all scholarship is vain. Simultaneously with his Syriac and related studies he had "subtle thoughts and venomous suggestions of a fiendlike infidelity which [he] durst not confide to any one." His doubts were not superficial, but affected the fundamental truths of Christianity. But "thoughts against faith must be treated like temptations against any other virtue," and he so treated them—put them away with a strong hand. For twelve years, from 1828 to 1840, he was the Rector of the English College, and the earlier of these years, till 1835, coincided with those of his sceptical anxiety. It was probably some rumor of this that led to Browning's picture of him as Bishop Blougram—a picture which Mr. Ward resents, though it was a palpable hit in various particulars. In conversation he had not always Blougram's volubility. He could sometimes be as "silent in several languages" as at others copious in English or Italian. The latter of these had a bad effect upon the former, making it less correct and forcible, and stitching on it many a purple patch.

The brief pontificate of Pius VIII. was followed by the fifteen years of Gregory XVI., years of reactionary sympathies and reliance upon Austrian arms to keep Italy well under foot. But it was evident, says Mr. Ward, that the temporal sovereignty was in a bad way, and that things would have to be worse before they could be better. "We all foresee," said Cardinal Consalvi's secretary, "what it must result in. But mark! When the old lion shall be restricted to his narrow cage, he will yet shake his bars so as to make Europe tremble." Mr. Ward, in order to make this prophecy more impressive, prints it in italics, and he seems to think it has already been fulfilled. And certainly it does not appear that the present Pope's contention (which is also Mr. Ward's in his Epilogue to these volumes) that without the temporal power his spiritual power is vain, gets any justification from the course of his experience.

An interesting episode is that of the visit of Hurrell Froude and Newman to Wiseman in 1833, familiar to all readers acquainted with the history of the Oxford Movement. "We got introduced to him," writes Froude, "to find out whether they would take us on any terms to which we could twist our consciences." From this year and from this visit dated the rise of Wiseman's hope of great gains in England for the Roman Church. He wrote in 1847 that, from the day of that visit, never for an instant did

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he waver in his conviction that a new era had commenced in England. "To this grand object I devoted myself. . . . The favorite studies of former years were abandoned for the pursuit of this aim alone." But no such sudden change is evident in the course of the narrative of the years immediately following 1833. Certain lectures 'On the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion' were possibly an attempt to silence his own ugly doubts, and we can easily imagine with what bland sophistication he argued the thesis that "the very sciences whence objections have been drawn against religion, have themselves in their progress entirely removed them." But hardly as against the same religion against which they were made.

Mr. Ward's sixth chapter is one of the most interesting and valuable in his book, but it is essentially episodical. Its subject is "The English 'Papists.'" It is a warm appreciation of their fortunes, their struggles, their disabilities, and their widening liberties, from the time of Henry VIII. until Wiseman's visit to England in 1835. It does not tell the whole story, but so much of it as we should expect from an ardent Romanist, who is well aware that Mary Tudor's policy was a colossal blunder as well as a stupendous crime. To a considerable extent the story is involved in that development of religious toleration which has been so honorable to both Roman Catholics and Protestants in their later history. Newman, however, contended for religious persecution as a reserved right of the Church, the exercise of which she may resume at any time when she can do it to advantage.

The Anglican hankerings for Rome did not satisfy the zeal which Wiseman had for her when, in 1835, his doubts asleep or strangled, he conceived the idea of going to England and starting there a Roman Catholic College and Review. Why not a movement there comparable to that stirring in France, where Lamennais and Lacordaire were doing great things, and in Germany, where Döllinger and Görres and Möhler were engaged in a brilliant intellectual reformation of Roman Catholic dogma? The English Catholics appeared to him to have just emerged from long imprisonment and not to have recovered the use of their limbs. To some of them he seemed too genial in his asceticism, and an Irish servant not only refused to cook him a chop on Friday, but gave warning, being determined not to countenance such impiety even if it had medical prescription. Newman welcomed his preaching as a triumph over the Protestant principles of English churchmen, and rejoiced in it as such. The *Dublin Review* was started, and a Catholic Institute was established. O'Connell was a partner in the *Review*, on condition that he should be a silent one so far as his more radical political opinions were concerned. Returning to Rome in 1836, Wiseman remained there until 1840, when he finally established himself on English ground. Visits from Macaulay and Gladstone assured him of an abatement of prejudice against Rome wider than Oxford's "seclusions ivy-hushed." Gladstone naïvely fancied Wiseman sympathetic with his view that the Oxford Movement would abate the tendency to Rome, when, in fact, Wiseman's confidence was absolute that Rome was its ultimate goal. In the long run it has done more to Romanize Anglicanism than to make perverts to Rome, so that Gladstone mistook the future less than he did Wiseman's sentiments.

In his endeavors to help himself from all parties—the old Catholics, the Newmanites, and the Liberals of the *Edinburgh Review*, and their kind, all mutually opposed—Wiseman was obliged to carry water on both shoulders, and, at the same time, on his head. Mr. Ward is nowhere more subtle and amusing than in his discussion of the situation in which Wiseman found himself. How to combine the principles of authority with scientific progress was the problem that clamored for a solution. We have in Mr. Ward's exposition a *modus vivendi* which will be attractive just in proportion as those to whom it is presented are not simple and straightforward. The expression of the Church's dogma must be accommodated, we are told, to the changing thoughts of each new period. Probably we have here a key that will unlock the mystery of Romanism for an indefinite future. Even the dogma of the Pope's infallibility will possibly be so restated as to disarm the criticism of the most scientific, while at the same time the claim of *semper ubique et ab omnibus* will be made for it with an unsmiling face.

In July, 1839, Wiseman published an article in the *Dublin Review* upon St. Augustine and the Donatists, by which, as we read in the 'Apologia,' Newman's theory of the *via media* was completely pulverized. Newman wrote to a friend at the time, "It has given me a stomach-ache"; and thenceforward his view of the Roman Church was different from what it had ever been before. His 'Tract No. 90' gives a title to one of Mr. Ward's chapters, but little is added to what was already known of that famous document. Wiseman recalled the time when Hurrell Froude had called Romanists "wretched Tridentines," while now Newman was insisting that the Thirty-nine Articles were conformable with the decrees of Trent, and that popular Romanism was not. Let Rome reform, argued Newman, and it would be the duty of the English Church to fall into her arms. Wiseman was far too sanguine then (1841) and after Newman's submission (1845) of such a consummation. He did not even think it necessary for Rome to reform herself. Newman's submission has a touch of absurdity here that it has had in no previous narration. A young Unitarian minister presenting himself for installation in a pair of light trousers, Dr. Bellows said: "I know nothing of the young man, but I expect the worst." But when Wiseman sent a friend to report upon Newman's condition on his Anglican "deathbed," as Newman called it, and the friend returned and reported Newman as receiving him in a pair of light trousers, Wiseman expected the best he could desire, and the submission was not long delayed. The light trousers meant that Newman no longer considered himself an Anglican priest. Here is an item for some future editor of Carlyle's "Philosophy of Clothes." In the joy of the great culmination and the spectacle of ten quondam Anglicans in his college chapel at Oscott, Wiseman had a vision of the Anglicans passing collectively into the communion of the ancient church. Meantime, the old Catholics were suspicious of the new converts, and the converts regarded the old Catholics as hopelessly ignorant and inert, and declared Wiseman to be solitary in his appreciation of the great opportunity.

The accession of Pius IX. and his short-lived liberal programme found Wiseman in cordial agreement with Mazzini that the Pope's proper rôle was that of a great liberal secular pontiff. Evidently the doings of Pius in 1848 did not furnish Mr. Ward with a congenial topic, and he has not touched them in any helpful manner. For two years before 1849 Wiseman was acting Vicar Apostolic of London, and in that year he succeeded to the office in his own right. In 1850 he was made a Cardinal, and left England "for ever" in great sorrow, but his sorrow would have been more genuine if it had not been qualified by hopes of his returning in some grander style than he had yet enjoyed. The fulfilment of these hopes awaited him on his arrival in Rome, where he was at once informed of the restoration of the Roman hierarchy in England and his appointment at its head as Cardinal Archbishop. The Pope issued a bull announcing the new departure, and Wiseman followed it with a letter "from out the Flaminian Gate of Rome," and shortly after set out on a kind of progress to his new dominion, making much delay to receive the congratulations of distinguished fellow-servants of the Church. There was a rude awakening from his happy dream when he discovered that his letter and the papal bull had roused in England a great storm of righteous indignation. Papal aggression was the only talk, and an ecclesiastical-titles bill was passed, to become at once a dead-letter. Mr. Ward treats the whole business as a piece of frantic folly, but all the foolishness was not on one side. The terms of both the bull and the letter were ineffably silly, conceived in terms of intolerable ecclesiastical bombast, and the manner of their reception was convincing that the Pope and his agent had reckoned without their host to an absurd degree in supposing that Protestant England was ready to "begin anew its course of regularly adjusted action round the centre of unity, the source of jurisdiction, of light, and of vigor," as the Cardinal Archbishop expressed his conception of the new order of affairs.

Roman Catholics object to being called Roman Catholics, but Wiseman was a *Roman* Catholic or nothing. Hence many a difference with the old English Catholics, who tended to the earlier Gallican insistence upon national rights and privileges. Hence, fundamentally, that painful difference with his coadjutor Errington which Mr. Purcell celebrated so remorselessly in his Life of Cardinal Manning. Mr. Ward's account of the matter is as much *ex parte* as Mr. Purcell's, and it slurs documents in Mr. Purcell's book which must be reckoned with. Mr. Purcell at least succeeded in making an interesting story of the quarrel, and Mr. Ward has made of it the dullest reading in his book. Wiseman seems to have been morally hypnotized by Manning, so subject to his will was he even while rebelling against it. Of all Roman Catholics, Manning was the most Roman. Manning and Errington pulled at the moribund Wiseman like wild horses, and his spiritual distraction was most pitiful.

Physically and morally, Wiseman presented striking contrasts to his successor in the Archiepiscopal chair. Where Manning had a thin, hard face, Wiseman's was full, with thick, sensuous lips and bulging eyes. Where Manning was ascetic, Wiseman had, as a Puseyite said, "his lobster-salad side," and he dearly loved to travel with a showy reti-

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nue. He was more a scholar than a man of business, spoke several languages with ease, and exasperated Errington and Newman by his neglect of his and their affairs. Indeed, but for his carelessness, we might have had a translation of the Bible in Newman's marvellous style. He was versatile and ready, a florid rhetorician, skilful in disputation, but with little depth of thought, having the temper of an advocate, not that of a judge. With all his ostentation, he had much simplicity and loved children heartily. He had difficult duties to perform, and though he made some great mistakes, the impression that remains is that he was a man peculiarly well fitted, both by his virtues and defects, to represent the Roman Church in England in a unique, important, and exacting time.

TWO BIRD BOOKS.

Bird Studies: An Account of the Land Birds of Eastern North America. By William E. D. Scott. With illustrations from original photographs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898. 4to, pp. xii, 363.

Birds of Village and Field: A Bird Book for Beginners. By Florence A. Merriam. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898. 8vo, pp. xlix, 406, pll. xxviii, figs. 220.

Mr Scott has long been known to ornithologists as a good field naturalist, a skilful taxidermist, and a successful collector, whose articles have occasionally appeared in periodicals, but we believe this is his first making of a bird book. There is a feature of it which distinguishes it from all its numerous rivals, and this is the appearance of a large series of plates of birds lying flat on their backs, as freshly killed specimens put upon the table, or as smooth skins, such as fill every cabinet. The idea is not absolutely new, as we have seen such pictures before; but we have never known it to be carried out to any extent as a mode of illustration. It is a good idea; the result is very effective; these dead birds are more "life-like" than any others in the book, and these smooth, trim skins look more like the objects the ornithologist knows best, from his habitual handling of such, than any live bird would. They strike the trained eye instantaneously; the others have to be studied out.

The implication that an ornithologist knows a birdskin better than he does a bird may not be complimentary, but it is unquestionably true; most of us know dead birds better than we do live ones. Take the chickadee on p. 16, for example; it is a facsimile of the natural object, the thing itself, to every detail of arrangement of feathers and feathery texture; it is nature, as opposed to the artistic imitation of nature in the group of stuffed chickadees in a tree on the plate which faces the dead bird. Or take the brown creeper on p. 110; it is the very bird, while the picture of the same on the plate opposite is more of a study of protective coloration in concealment of the little creature, almost lost to view on the bark of the tree-trunk where it is set to climb. The larger plates, we must insist, are less telling pictures than the smaller ones in the text; firstly, because they represent taxidermy, which, however artistic, is not nature exactly; and, secondly, because the bird, the main figure of these compositions, is often smothered in the accessories. For another thing, there are mechanical difficulties in the way of photographing taxidermal groups; the camera is set very close, and to bring the bird in focus is to blur most if not all of its surroundings. The general effect is confusing to the eye; in some cases, as that of the song sparrow's nest, the whole plate is blurry—almost a blotch. Mr. Scott's photographic results, on the whole, most remind us of those now publishing in *Birds;* they lack color, and thus lose much, but they are decidedly superior in the taxidermy of the objects represented. If the author follows his land birds with a water-bird volume, as proposed, he might preferably and profitably increase the number of his dead-bird and bird-skin pictures, with correspondingly fewer full-page plates of groups; or he might try the experiment of making an entire suite of illustrations of the former character.

In saying of the text that it is sound and clear, correct in fact and fair in expression, we say about all that need be said, except that it is notably free from needless technicalities and well adapted to the average reader. But we must find fault with the way in which Mr. Scott, like several other authors, mixes up his birds. Theoretically it is well enough, for variety's sake, not to bring in all the finch family or all the warbler family by themselves; but the method, or lack of method, is radically vicious. It is a futile fancy to group birds under such heads as "about the house," "along the highway," "in the woods," "across the fields," "in marsh and swamp," "by stream and pond," for the simple reason that no birds whatever stay put in such places, and few indeed are those sufficiently characteristic of such resorts to make the notion available or desirable for biographical purposes. Mr. Scott does his best to undo the confusing result of this misdoing, this idle ingenuity in wrong-doing, by giving at the end a systematic synopsis of his birds; but the necessity therefor proves our point, and need not have arisen. The book is a very handsome one in all its appointments, and we trust that the expense of so luxurious a volume may not greatly restrict its usefulness. It contains nearly 200 such plates as we have praised or found fault with, and is believed to include some account of every land bird known to occur within the limits of Eastern North America. The nomenclature throughout, and the classification of the list at the end, are strictly orthodox.

Miss Merriam's latest volume shows a notable improvement in authorship upon former essays whose slightness we deprecated, the present treatise being characterized rather by its muchness. Though ostensibly intended for beginners, we surmise it will be found more helpful to advanced students, and imagine its most proper place to be in the hands of the children's teachers rather than in the children's own. Few persons who have occasion to take classes into the field really know much about it, and Miss Merriam's book should teach them a good deal. It is full of the facts in field ornithology that the instructor needs to know, in order to impart the rudiments of the science to the little folks; but we fear the numerous "keys" can hardly be turned in the lock without oral assistance. The construction of such keys is far easier to their constructor than is their use to the user, especially when they are based upon the appearance of a bird as it strikes the eye at a distance. The bird-through-a-fieldglass business has its limitations, which not even Miss Merriam's skill or ingenuity can overcome; it can never be carried beyond the mark of that amateurishness which for ever contrasts with professional proficiency. We speak thus in no spirit of detraction, but quite the reverse; Miss Merriam has in this book made more of, and done better with, a radically vicious method than any one else we can name. It is the principle, not its application, that is at fault. It is the old case of "Spanish in Six Easy Lessons" for something that needs a good solid grammar to begin with and a good big dictionary to go on with. All attempted short cuts to knowledge cut knowledge short. Such a field-color key as Miss Merriam has employed was first introduced, we believe, by the late Mr. Minot, some twenty years ago; it was a curiosity then, and we fear the many later ones all share that character, however much some of them, like the present one, are improved. This divides the 150 birds to be treated into two groups: (1) "Bright or strikingly-colored birds," and (2) "Dull-colored birds." Under the former are arranged those which have (*a*) "blue conspicuous in plumage," (*b*) "red conspicuous in plumage," (*c*) "yellow or orange conspicuous in plumage," (*d*) "black or black and white conspicuous in plumage." Now, there are various birds which belong to more than one of these categories, according to their age or sex: and the difficulty of discrimination increases, of course, in the other primary division of dull-colored birds, in which "olive-green or olive-brown," "gray or bluish," and "brown or brownish," are required to be distinguished afield, usually at opera-glass range. The way to begin to teach a child ornithology is to put a bird in its hands, and let it be handled, and answer the questions the child will naturally ask. This will be an indelible object-lesson; the means of inculcating it are at hand in every city, in almost every town. To Emerson's question, "Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?" we reply, "No, we haven't; nobody ever did, and nobody ever will; and we suspect that thou, O admirable philosopher, knowest as much about them as the average schoolboy."

Aside from this matter, our convictions concerning which are strengthened by each one of the continual efforts now making to do right in the wrong way, we can heartily commend Miss Merriam's book to teachers. The general "key" we have criticised adversely is supplemented by numerous more special ones, in which something of the same radical undesirability inheres, though less obtrusively, because each attempts to unlock the secrets of only some one special natural group of birds, in which specific distinctions are more readily pointed out. The main text is well written; it is practical and to the point, as pedagogic literature should be, and especially strong on the side of economic ornithology, as would be expected from the author's relation to an important bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture. There is one case we have marked for stricture—the blue jay's alleged innocence of egg-sucking. "It has been noised abroad that he robs birds' nests, but remains of birds' eggs were found in only 3 out of 280 stomachs" (p. 155). In those three cases the robber must have swallowed the shell by accident, in a hurry, for macerated albumen in a bird's stomach is not a readily identifiable substance. The fact is, that the jay and all his family are much more destructive of bird-life than all the technically raptorial birds put together—bar

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none, not even the genera *Astur* and *Accipiter*.

The text is very fully illustrated; the pictures are of the distinctively useful rather than ornamental sort, excepting those of Mr. Fuertes and Mr. Thompson, which all have an artistic quality; and many of the smallest ones, of heads, wings, tails, or feet, are among the most effective. The book is thoroughly well adapted to the needs, or supposed needs, of the many, and we have no doubt will easily hold its own in competition with the more or less similar teaching-books of Mr. Chapman, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Doubleday, and various others.

The Letters of Victor Hugo, from Exile, and after the Fall of the Empire. Edited by Paul Meurice. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898.

If the first volume of Hugo's letters contained little else than dulness, the second offers the pleasing contrast of much attractive and valuable matter, whether for literature or for biography; but the welcome surprise results not so much from M. Paul Meurice's scheme of classification as from the fact that the poet's first active participation in the political affairs of his country coincides with the date of almost the earliest selections in the present issue. The collection before us comprises letters to a great variety of persons—from artisan poets to crowned heads, indeed—and extends over the long and agitated period between 1845 and 1882. As a piece of translation the English version is conscientious and literal; not quite free, however, from occasional insignificant Gallicisms, difficult to avoid, perhaps, in rendering the familiar eccentricity of the style of the original.

First in importance among the more intimate letters come those addressed to Mme. Hugo, for the most part written during the troubled time of separation between the flight to Brussels and the reunion of the exiled family at Marine Terrace. Much as we objected to the corresponding earlier set, against these nothing is to be urged, for, while confirming the wife's noble-hearted devotion, they also establish beyond doubt the hearty appreciation of her merits by her oft-maligned husband:

(1852) "I begin by telling you that you are a noble and admirable woman. Your letters bring tears to my eyes. Everything is in them—dignity, strength, simplicity, courage, reason, serenity, tenderness. When you discuss politics, you do it well; your judgment is good and your remarks to the point. When you discuss business and family matters, you show your large kind heart" (p. 86).

Suspicion may nevertheless fasten on the motives inspiring most of the reckless laudation which the poet's temerity in the use of superlatives led him to shower on his illustrious contemporaries (George Sand, Gautier, Banville, Paul de Saint Victor, Swinburne, etc.), since we discover that a literary puff from the other side in every case preceded the letter (pp. 143, 172, 189, 197, 212, 225, etc.). Exception should be made in favor of a few less fulsome, but apparently more genuine, expressions to Michelet, Jules Simon, Coppée, and, strange to say, Verlaine. Save for a passing sneer at Scribe and Feuillet, competitors for literary fame are kindly handled, while Napoleon III. and his myrmidons find neither truce nor compromise. Every mention of the usurper is an echo of "Napoléon le Petit" or "Les Châtiments": "Freedom of thought has been gagged, freedom of conscience cashiered" (p. 50). "There are creatures like Troplong, like Dupin, whom I cannot help admiring. I like complete men. These wretches are perfect specimens. They attain the climax of infamy. . . . Bonaparte is well surrounded. I hear that on the *sous* his eagle will have its head under its wing" (p. 67).

Such *réussisseurs*, as he called them, were indeed obstacles in the way of his visionary schemes for the brotherhood of man and the federation of "The United States of Europe," of which a glorified Paris was to be the capital. Although serious discussion of his chimeras would be waste of time, we may note how steadfastly these private hatreds of his sought their justification in his principle of subordinating political affairs to social regeneration: (1839) "For a long time past in all my writings I have striven to hasten the day when social questions will be substituted for political ones; when between the party of reaction and that of revolution there will arise the party of civilization." (1861) "A time will come when frontiers will cease to exist. All wars will disappear in the fraternity of races. That will be the great day of the human fatherland." (1874) "I have endeavored, to the best of my ability, to bring the moral and the human question into what is called politics."

With all this hazy, indeterminate socialism, there is much practical shrewdness in Hugo's avoidance of questions of property which would too obviously involve the awkward subject of profits from copyright. In a letter to Mr. Tennant (p. 182), a Welsh landowner who seems to have been animated with something of the spirit of Arthur Young, Hugo confines himself to vaguely declaiming against "regulating parasitism instead of fighting it," forgetting all the while that his own initial summary of Tennant's achievement is a virtual surrender of the whole contention. There seems, in truth, as much justice as maliciousness in the anonymous epigram which describes the great man as "un poète doublé d'un homme d'affaires." According to his own showing (pp. 74 and 214), he could balance a budget of twelve hundred or twelve thousand francs with equal precision, and, to his credit be it added, with the same refreshingly unobtrusive contentment.

The principal literary interest of this part of the correspondence arises from its unexpected abundance of illustrations of Hugo's characteristic mannerisms of style. Letter after letter bristles with such quotably sententious aphorisms and showy antitheses as the following: "Liberty in chains, blasphemy proceeding from the altar, the negro's fetters riveted to the pedestal of Washington's statue!" (p. 51). "The roll of the Senate [in 1852] is the proscription list. To be an outcast from France is only a misfortune. To be an outcast from honor is real misery" (p. 98). "A king's crime has nothing abnormal about it; but crimes committed by a people are intolerable to the thinker" (p. 154). "The literature of the nineteenth century . . . will be called democratic literature" (p. 157). "Without Venice and Rome [in 1861] there can be no Italy, and without Italy there can be no Europe" (p. 164). "Christianity is less august crowned in the Vatican than kneeling at Golgotha" (p. 175). "Diplomacy is simply the stratagems of princes against the logic of God" (p. 222). Occasionally, the writer falls a victim to his own trick—for example, in a startling metaphor, of doubtful psychological accuracy, which describes himself as "an owl who is the sworn enemy of counterfeit eagles" (p. 125).

Hugo's opinions concerning the instinctive antipathies of birds may not have intrinsic value, but one might have expected more circumspection in his expressions of the literary qualities of a language which, with all his opportunities, he never took the trouble to learn:

(1840) "In the French language there is a great gulf between prose and poetry; in English there is hardly any difference. It is a splendid privilege of the great literary languages—Greek, Latin, and French—that they possess a *prose*. English has not this privilege. There is no prose in English. The genius of the two languages is, therefore, completely different in this respect. What Shakspere was able to do in English he would certainly not have done in French."

In the last proposition alone the great dogmatist spoke better than he knew. Our only comment on these amazing dicta shall lie in his own words: (1864) "I do not know English" (p. 182). (1868) "I do not know English even now" (p. 216).

But, unquestionably, one of the great merits of this volume, even to readers tolerably familiar with Hugo's life, lies in its constant presentation of an aspect of his character not sufficiently dwelt on, we are disposed to think, by most of his biographers—the sunny and cheerful geniality of his prevailing mood. Whether in exile at Brussels, living on three francs a day, harassed with mean persecutions, and evidently mortified by the indefatigable laziness of his son, or later, at Hauteville House, where he longs for Paris as only a Frenchman can, this spirit never fails him; no murmur ever escapes him. Nor is this, as might be unkindly suggested, a symptom of the want of deep feeling so often ascribed to him; in our eyes it is but another index of the courage which led him to the barricades in 1848, and prompted his offer "to go where there is danger, and to go unarmed," at the age of sixty-eight, on the 25th of September, 1870. If, according to some, France is just now in sore need of such examples, M. Paul Meurice deserves the thanks of his countrymen for the one he has offered them in the letters of the greatest of their recent poets.

Aristocracy and Evolution: A Study of the Rights, the Origin, and the Social Functions of the Wealthier Classes. By W. H. Mallock. Macmillan. 1898.

It was said that no one could possibly be so wise as Lord Thurlow looked, and we feel tempted to apply the principle of the *mot* to Mr. Mallock. His style is pellucid, his arrangement of material orderly, his attitude judicial, his logic formally perfect. Yet we fear that, so far as the Socialists are concerned, his conclusions will be rejected. His arguments, as Hume said of Berkeley's, admit of no answer and produce no conviction. They seem perfectly conclusive, but we cannot get rid of a suspicion as to their validity. If the case is so absolutely clear for aristocracy as Mr. Mallock makes it seem, how can we explain the confidence of the Socialists in their position and the success of their propaganda? There must be something omitted that

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would modify the argument, or something overstated that carries it too far.

Yet, on a critical examination of Mr. Mallock's reasoning, we cannot escape the conclusion that it is on the whole sound. His error lies in the absolute character of his statements; if he made more allowance for exceptions and modifications, he would be more persuasive. Most people, said George Eliot scornfully, think that the radii of a circle have a tendency to be equal; but, after all, they are right, for in the circles within their perception this tendency to equality is all that can be observed. Hence it is commonly a grave rhetorical blunder to make absolute statements; exceptions at once occur to the mind of the reader, and this tends to make him think that he knows more than the author. To a certain extent the wise author will encourage this attitude in his audience; he will leave them to fill up gaps and to draw conclusions for themselves, but he will contrive to have the result strengthen his argument. The reader, seeing that the argument can be strengthened, proceeds to strengthen it, and his complacency over his success commits him to the author's support. But writers like Mr. Mallock affront the self-conceit of those whom they should propitiate; like Macaulay, they say that every schoolboy knows things of which the reader is conscious of his ignorance, and wind up a course of reasoning that can only establish a probability with an absolute Q. E. D. in the style of Euclid.

As to Mr. Mallock's argument itself, it runs off as glibly as a fishing-line from the reel, having the aid of side-notes on the pages that make it as easy to follow as an avenue with all the cross-streets labelled. His first point is against those philosophers who have tried to explain the evolution of society. They have answered speculative questions, but they have failed to answer practical questions. This, Mr. Mallock says, is because they have not distinguished between the phenomena of social aggregates and the phenomena of parts of aggregates. Of this offence he quickly convicts Mr. Benjamin Kidd, and then turns his attention to Mr. Spencer, who has spoken harsh words of the "Great Man Theory," even declaring it to be as incompatible as the theocratic theory with any possible social science. Mr. Mallock retorts that Mr. Spencer and the whole school of contemporary sociologists deny the existence of congenital inequalities where they are speculating about societies or races as aggregates, while as soon as they speak of individuals they recognize the importance of their peculiarities. His examination of the arguments of these writers is clever and convincing, and he triumphantly winds up with Mr. Spencer's description of Napoleon as "a soldier whose immense ability, joined with his absolute unscrupulousness, made him now general, now consul, now autocrat."

The next step in Mr. Mallock's argument is to distinguish between the survival of the fittest, due to selection, which slowly raises the general average of efficiency, and the rapid advance which is due to the leadership of great men. Aristotle's brain was as good as Newton's, and the masons who built the Parthenon were as clever workmen as those of to-day; but the enormous productivity of this century is due to the superiority of a number of industrial leaders. They have intended particular changes, and the result has been the rapid evolution which Mr. Mallock calls "the reasonable sequence of the unintended"—"the unintended result of the intentions of great men." So far as inheritance and environment go, we may say that great men may sometimes exist without accomplishing anything because the conditions are unfavorable; but the point is that whenever anything is accomplished, it is the work of great men. The aggregate of unintended results is what has been observed by sociologists; but what we are concerned with practically is the intended element. Of the factors here "the chief is the great man, whose importance is enhanced rather than dwarfed by the fact that his intellect and his energy are the causes not only of great results which he intends, but also of those others—wider, if not more important—which, though neither intended nor foreseen by himself or by anybody else, would, if it were not for him, never take place at all."

Having cleared the way for ability, Mr. Mallock develops the methods and conditions of its action, showing that progress is the result of a struggle not for survival but for domination, which is obtained by helping others to live, and which involves vigorous competition among employers to get the help of laborers. Many keen observations are made on the part of the masses in political life, that part being generally to fall in with the suggestions of statesmen or demagogues, who really control popular movements under any form of government. The final chapters are devoted to a consideration of the effect of exceptional rewards on exceptional exertions, Mr. Mallock showing that the Socialists claim that their form of government would sufficiently encourage great men to keep on with their production of wealth, while they at the same time complain that men are universally possessed with the desire to own all that they produce. The chapter on equality of educational opportunity contains many suggestions that deserve particular attention in this country, and the conclusion, on "Inequality, Happiness, and Progress," may be read with profit by everybody. Altogether the book is not only clever and brilliant, but also in its main lines sensible and sound. It is safe to call it the most readable "showing up" of Socialism that has appeared, and it contains a strong argument for progress along the ways tried by the long experience of men.

The Training of a Craftsman. Written by Fred Miller. Illustrated by Many Workers in the Art Crafts. New York: Truslove & Comba. 1898. Pages x, 249.

In the little book named above there are three chapters devoted to the general subject of modern decorative art, its shortcomings and its present character, and ten chapters devoted to special departments of craftsmanship. The author announces himself as having begun work in the capacity of an assistant in the department of stained glass and decorative windows, and as having learned what he knows to a large extent by his own mistakes and by his own tentative practice. The first chapter, the title of which is "The Craftsman and Nature," contains an extremely intelligent discussion of the way in which a student of decorative art should study natural form and should utilize the suggestions of nature in his work. This chapter is illustrated by plant studies made by the author, and he insists (page 13) on the importance of avoiding botanical knowledge and study of plant anatomy, also the analysis of the plant in the way too often advocated by some teachers—that is to say, the making of elevations and plans of blossom, leaf, and twig. The author points out (page 16) that your own drawings, if they are faithful and contain just as much of nature as you can possibly put into them, will be the most valuable aids to your design afterwards, while, at the same time, they are not in themselves designs in any sense of the word. The author would have the student draw from nature with a single-minded desire to get all the facts in each special case, and thus at once fill his mind with knowledge and thought and also fill his portfolios with material, while, at the same time, he insists upon it that one ought never to stop drawing, and that it is altogether a heresy to suppose that one can stop studying nature because assured that he has material enough.

With all this forcible exposition of sound principles there is mingled a curious heresy, which has arisen naturally out of the process of thought superinduced in its turn by the author's experience. He is of the opinion that it is bad to be the pupil of one man, and that, on the contrary, the student of design should study the work of many men, with the idea of avoiding mannerism on the one hand, and on the other hand of securing individuality by means (it would seem) of a wise eclecticism. It is urged (page 11) that mannerism is thus to be avoided, and (page 12) that if the student is trained in a particular style of design, such as Louis XV., he is put on a wrong scent. All training, it is alleged, "should be in the direction of developing the ego," and with this proposition most persons, not metaphysicians, who have thought profoundly on the needed changes in our present system of studying art, would agree. It is, however, very doubtful if they will agree with the author in his assumption that it is best to avoid being the student of any man. Assuredly, it has been the history of all the great arts of the past that the artist has been trained in the artist's atelier. One man succeeds to the heritage of another, not by dint of going out into the world, seeing everything and selecting that which is preferred: life is not long enough for that, nor is the mind of the youth acquisitive enough, or formed enough, for that. The artist is trained, and in all ages has been trained, by sitting at the feet of another artist, absorbing all that the master can teach, and afterwards seeking elsewhere for corrections of the perhaps too great mannerisms which had been gained in youth. This difference of opinion once urged, there is nothing but praise to give to this chapter. On page 16 there is an admirable definition of design—limited in its statement, but unlimited in its possible application.

There are three chapters devoted to metal work, namely, one concerned especially with *repoussé* and wrought iron, one with jewelry, one with enamelling on metal. It must be understood that there is no attempt to explain all the processes that are now or have ever been used, nor any attempt at the production of a handbook explaining fully the peculiarities of different styles of ancient metal-work. At the same time, the analysis of enamelling (on pages 86 to 89) is sufficiently full; the only difficulty with it being that it is not quite exact. To say, for in-

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stance, that the Japanese are the greatest masters of the art of *cloisonné* enamel is certainly to make an erroneous statement. Dexterous beyond others the Japanese masters may be, but their work has never approached fine Chinese work in beauty. It is not in enamel that the brilliant and always satisfying design of the best Japanese epochs has been shown. A curious misprint gives a wholly false classification of enamels, for the term intended as the title of the third class is *basse taille*. Even this is inadequate as a piece of nomenclature. It is not, however, as an analytical account of the art that we value the book before us.

It is curious that the least satisfactory chapter is that on Glass Painters, theirs being the art first practised by the author; but it is evident that he has had no opportunity to inform himself concerning American work in this department. As this is the only department of decorative art in which the United States have excelled as yet, it is well that it should be noticed how inadequate this chapter is. The discussion of wood-carving, too, is injured by the very insufficient examples which the author has been able to lay before his readers. Of all the discussion of technical work, perhaps the most thorough and the most satisfactory is to be found in chapter xi., devoted to Surface Decoration.

The book is one which every person interested in decorative art should read with care. It is full of suggestion, and, if one finds that he can agree with its statements, full of encouragement.

Pictures from the Life of Nelson. By W. Clark Russell. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1897.

This is a small illustrated volume of some three hundred pages, on a subject on which the author is quite at home, he being already the author of a Life of Nelson. It contains little that is new except a chapter on "Poor Jack," which shows that the book is brought out for purposes not solely biographical. This essay gives facts tending to show that the British navy is filling up with foreigners ("Scandyhoovians," "Dagos," and "Dutchmen"). In 1895 the mercantile marine was manned by 235,000 men, of whom only 55,000 were British seamen. According to the author, the number had by 1897 dwindled to 30,000. This state of affairs Mr. Russell would reform by legislation. Under the old navigation laws, it seems, a ship-owner was compelled to ship one British seaman to every twenty tons, and in no case was the "foreign element" allowed to exceed one-fourth of the whole. The advantage of this was that, in case of war, there was a ready supply of British tars to man the fleet. The question which will suggest itself to the reader, and which the author does not answer, is whether it is an essential part of the scheme to revive, with the navigation laws, the press-gang and the right of search. To fill up merchant-vessels with British sailors would not help the fleet, unless there were some means of making them serve in it.

The "pictures" of Nelson here given have a certain value because they are the work of a seaman who understands what he is writing about, but Mr. Russell is rather over-burdened with sea-lore, and his marine style, since the day when he wrote the 'Wreck of the Grosvenor,' has not improved. Public opinion he describes (p. 139) as a "worthless weathercock," which, however, on a certain occasion, comes "slap into the wind's eye—a very fair wind for Nelson—with a shriek that must have meant joy as the tail of the thing swept to leeward"; and this is merely an illustration of a straining for effect which mars the rhetoric of the book throughout. Mr. Russell has, of course, a good deal to say about Nelson's intrigue with Lady Hamilton, but does not seem to perceive that to blacken Cleopatra does not enhance our admiration for Antony. The clumsy biographer who, in his anxiety for truth, spoils his market, has a genuine vogue in our day and generation, and perhaps Nelson's real greatness has never been better proved than in the security of his fame amid all the disagreeable revelations which his admirers dish up from time to time for our delectation.

Lectures in the Lyceum, or Aristotle's Ethics for English Readers. By St. George Stock. Longmans.

An accomplished Oxonian, author of 'Attempts at Truth' and a hand-book of deductive logic, has hit upon the unfortunate idea of offering the public a dilution of Aristotle in dialogue, under the above title. The result is a free paraphrase and interpretation of the first five books of the 'Ethics' in the form of a hypothetical reconstruction of the original conversational lectures, with disciples Theophrastus and Eudemus, and an extremely naïf son Nicomachus, for interlocutors.

We call it an unhappy idea because the taste for this kind of sugar-coated pill of knowledge is now extinct in all rational beings. We do not want our science Sandford-and-Mertonized. The very children pronounce Rollo and his uncle a bore; 'Friends in Council' has become unreadable; even the genius of Mr. Ruskin fails to reconcile the public to the *mièvreries* of Flossie and Sibyl and the Old Lecturer in 'Ethics of the Dust.' Mr. Stock's Nicomachus reminds us of Émile Faguet's witty characterization of the rôle of the *belle Marquise* in Fontenelle's 'Dialogue on the Plurality of Worlds.' He understands, or fails to understand, too obviously in accordance with the author's need of reminding us of his presence:

"I like this equitable man, father. Will you not tell us something more about him?" "My head always begins to swim, father, when I hear of the Pythagoreans: they were so very abstruse." "Wasn't it Circe who said that, father?" "I believe it was, my son, now you mention it. You are fresher from your Homer than I am." "I am afraid, father, I do not remember all you told us in that course: it was so dry."

This is indeed strewing the sands of the Lyceum with flowers.

It is not merely a question of taste. This method of exposition misrepresents Aristotle's manner, and makes it impossible to distinguish his matter from the interpolations and edifying developments of the commentator. Nothing could be farther from what Schopenhauer calls the *glänzende Trockenheit* of Aristotle's style than the sentimental expansion, the would-be epigram, and the sudden lapses into colloquialism of Mr. Stock:

"The happy man is no chameleon, to change his hue with the sunlight of prosperity or the shade of adversity. His house is not built on the sand, to fall when the waves come and the winds blow. No; happiness is a tree which has its roots deeply fixed in the settled serenity of a virtuous mind. The blasts of fortune may strip its fair foliage and break its branches, but the root of the matter is there all the time."

Is this Aristotle, or Jeremy Taylor-and-water? As an example of more familiar eloquence we may cite Mr. Stock's development of ῥυπαίνουσι τὸ μακάριον:

"If Fortune cannot spoil, she can at least soil, our happiness. A dirty coat will serve the chief purposes of a coat—it will cover you and keep you warm; but all the same it is nicer to have a clean one."

Lastly, when the lion is disposed to laugh, mark the playful colloquialism of the style:

"THEOPHRASTUS. Did you follow any definite order in giving us the list of moral virtues? ARISTOTLE. I have hatched many chickens before now, but I never had such a pecking brood as you."

The commentary interwoven with this paraphrase is not wholly without value. Mr. Stock is evidently a devout believer in the entire reasonableness, not to say infallibility, of Aristotle, and has labored to put all his statements in the best light, with the aid of every qualification and illustration that a judicious and somewhat painfully explicit modern admirer would wish to add. This is unquestionably a fairer way of interpreting a great writer than the opposite method of assuming that, wherever his thought is incomplete or ambiguous, it is wrong. In the form of footnotes or a readable interpretative essay, such a commentary would be very acceptable. Inextricably involved with Aristotle's own words as we have it here, it confuses the general reader and irritates the scholar. For example, on page 3 we read: "Let me be frank with you on this subject. The only proof that I can offer you of the existence of a Highest Good lies in the fact that we all desire it. It is inconceivable that man should be cursed with an unsatisfiable desire for an object which has no existence." Mr. Stock must be aware that he is here foisting upon Aristotle a distinctively modern argument for the existence of a kind of Highest Good (with a capital letter) with which Aristotle's highest good, or greatest practicably attainable happiness in human life, has nothing to do. But how is the "English reader" to know it? So, when Mr. Stock makes his lecturer say of the φρόνιμος, "You may regard the wise man as the type of the advancing instincts of mankind," the critic replies, You may indeed, but did Aristotle? In short, to conclude as we began, the ingenuity and scholarship displayed in this book are virtually thrown away, because nothing less than genius could redeem the vice of its original conception.

The Golfing Pilgrim. By Horace G. Hutchinson. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1898.

Mr. Hutchinson, who is responsible for the greater part of the Badminton book on Golf, is not only a first-class golfer, but also a pleasing writer, and he has here collected a variety of magazine articles bearing on his favorite game. He discusses golf at the shrine—that is, St. Andrew's—and golf in France and the west of England and elsewhere, and points out, with much humor, the peculiarities of the amateurs and caddies in these widely different regions. All that is needed to complete his geographical survey of the humors of the game is a visit to one of our Southern courses, where the comical appearance and wild exclamations of the

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negro caddie would be a revelation to him and his English readers.

In these days of rapidly acquired military titles, we can all appreciate the Scotch caddie's description of a new arrival: "I dinna ken his name, but he's a Major something—at least he's no a real major, but he married a major's widow and took the title!" On the other hand, only those who are deeply interested in the practice of the game can be expected to estimate at its proper value the wisdom contained in the maxim, "Driving is an art, iron play a science, but putting is an inspiration." Most beginners have had "bad streaks" during which they have felt like the irascible gentleman whose temper was so utterly ruined by the game that he had to abandon it and take to the game of patience instead, and when that did not come out right he was not on speaking terms with himself. Mr. Hutchinson has a chapter on "The Golfer in Art," in which he makes the apparently reasonable charge that the universality of the instantaneous photograph tends to mislead the artist as to the true drawing of the golfer in the act of making a stroke, because such photography, owing to the difficulty of focussing, cannot be absolutely accurate.

Anarchism: A Criticism and History of the Anarchist Theory. By E. V. Zenker. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1897.

This translation is a curious little treatise, by a writer whose main fault is that he treats all other writers as equals. He has not discovered that the Republic of Letters is a figure of speech, invented for their own purposes by the aristocrats of letters, and he admits to the freedom of discussion any one who can find a publisher. Hence we begin with a very clear essay on Proudhon, and end with Johann Most's latest teachings on the scientific method of applying explosive bombs in churches, ball-rooms, palaces, and festive gatherings (p. 135). To most American and English readers, the whole development of anarchism represents little more at best than a branch of intellectual error, allying itself readily with crime, and the author himself avows his belief that there is nothing in it. But this, in his eyes, only increases its importance, for he thinks that "it can easily be proved from history" that it is not truth, but "error and superstition" which have been "the most potent factors in human development." The only proof which he adduces is that of the countless blessings produced for mankind by their long continued mistake of thinking it possible to form an *à priori* conception of God; but it may be pointed out that to make us believe that anarchism presents an important speculative or political question, it is not necessary to hold that error is greater than truth, but merely that anarchism is likely to produce important effects. This the author does in another way, by bringing anarchism forward as the counter-agent against socialism, and this is really the point of the book.

Socialism is tyranny, anarchism is liberty, and if the world is to be saved from one error, it must be by means of the other. In the first half of this antithesis the author is quite right; every one sees that the socialistic state, resting on universal suffrage, would be a frightful despotism; but why, the reader asks, should we have to fall back on the anarchists to save us from it? Why not simply preserve individual liberty by vigilance and laws, and by freedom itself, as we have hitherto done? The answer to this question is that Herr Zenker's book represents a view of the subject bred by despotism itself, in a community in which individual liberty is not understood as we understand it. Speculations about the reconstruction of the state, and the abolition of property, contract, and the family, belong, as the author himself shows, to the domain of error, and the countries where this error flourishes are Russia, France, Austria, Germany, and Italy. For this there must be some reason, probably many reasons, and among them we should put first the low state of public education in economics. Why is there no English Anarchist school? Why are Bellamy's fairy-stories believed all over the Continent to be written by a great American thinker, and translated into half-a-dozen languages? For the same reason, in our opinion, that there is, on the Continent, little or no study of Adam Smith and Mill and the economical doctrines connected with their names. The most wonderful cure ever discovered for the spread of such diseases as anarchism or socialism is political economy; neither can live with it in the same brain. But they have not found this out yet in Austria, still less do they suspect it in Russia; and hence the author, aghast at the danger, evolves the amusing and ingenious theory that one dragon will destroy the other.

The Works of Horace. Rendered into English prose by William Coutts. Longmans, Green & Co. 1898.

This book certainly ought to drive into well-merited oblivion the wretched perversion of Horace contained in the Bohn Library. If it does this, the translator deserves a vote of thanks from the long-suffering body of schoolmasters and college professors. Whether it will do more is grave matter for doubt. Mr. Coutts, in his preface, heartily subscribes to Mr. Balfour's dictum that "translation, however admirable, however excellent, however painstaking, never does, never can, and never will preserve the inmost life and essence of the work of art with which it deals." And he knows also that with Horace of all the Latin poets, and especially with Horace in his Odes, the translator is attempting an all but impossible task, let him essay it in verse or in prose. That *curiosa felicitas*, whether of form, or of word, or of phrase, defies all transfer; and to the man who knows the real Horace, a translation is as flat as the English libretto of an opera, read a thousand miles from singers and orchestra. Fancy Tennyson in Latin prose: *Lacrimæ inanes quarum causam ignoro, lacrimæ, inquam, quæ, spe prope divina dciecta, ab imo pectore volvuntur.* Is this any further from "The Princess" than Mr. Coutts's "Hapless they to whom thou seemest fair unproved" is from the "Pyrrha"? A version, says Mr. Coutts, should be at once literal and idiomatic. But what of "Woe's me, my glowing liver swells with painful bile!" It is literal, it is idiomatic; but it isn't Horace, because Horace's reader knew the metaphorical sense of *iecur* and *bilis;* to English readers liver and bile mean blue pills and jaundice.

Then, too, how hopeless it is to try to reproduce the wonderful word pictures which the flexibility of Latin lets Horace disclose bit by bit, almost grudgingly. Mr. Coutts is fairly successful with the famous *me silva lupus* of the twenty-second ode; but he wisely avoids attempting an imitation at the end of the ninth: the

> "latentis proditor intimo
> gratus puellae risus ab angulo."

How it develops, touch by touch; how the thoughts are interwoven! "Somebody hiding—a telltale—in a secret place—the telltale is sweet—the hider is a girl—the sweet telltale is a laugh—the secret place from which it comes is a corner." Such effects are unapproachable in our uninflected English, and yet they make up a great part of the beauties of Horace in his Odes. In his Satires and Epistles, of course, the translator's task is simpler; and here Mr. Coutts steers a safe course between the treacherous attractions of modern colloquialism and the deadly dulness of what is often miscalled literal translation—as if any translation could be literal which lacked the spirit of the original. Mr. Coutts has availed himself of the best commentaries, English and German; in footnotes he warns the reader of the more important variants in the text; his introduction contains a thoughtful appreciation of Horace and a good translation in "deadly parallels" of the ancient *Vita*. But he has not achieved the impossible.

Paul Krüger and his Times. By F. Reginald Statham. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1898.

The strife between the earlier and the later immigrants to South Africa has certainly received as much attention as it deserves. The English newspapers and magazines have been full of it, and it has afforded opportunity to several makers of books. It is not surprising that most of this writing should be colored by British prejudice, and Mr. Krüger has been most roundly denounced. Mr. H. M. Stanley, in a book which we have recently noticed, pours forth torrents of abuse of the Boer President, some of it almost too coarse for quotation. Mr. Bryce's 'Impressions,' it is true, are distinguished by impartiality, but he did not go very deeply into the Transvaal controversy, and the defence of the Boer policy may be regarded as a novel feature in the recent South African literature.

This defence might certainly have fallen into better hands than those of Mr. Statham. He complains that "one of the chief difficulties in writing a biography of President Krüger arises from his own reluctance to talk either about himself or his career." As the early records of Transvaal history are meagre, the author has fallen back on Dr. Theal's 'History of South Africa' and Dr. Jorissen's 'Transvaalsche Herinneringen,' and supplemented them with such information as he could pick up. As a result, we have a rather minute chronicle of insignificant events strung together with so little literary art as to be devoid of the interest of a story. Of President Krüger's part in these events we get but a dim idea. There is much bold assertion of his greatness and goodness, but there is little evidence presented in support of it; except, indeed, his determined stand for clemency to the Jameson raiders. Considering the urgency of the demand of the Boers for the condign punishment of these marauders, President Krüger's course was highly creditable to him.

Mr. Statham is equally indefinite in making out a case against Cecil Rhodes, whom he charges with being the *fons et origo* of all the troubles with the Transvaal Republic. It must be conceded that this theory is not untenable, but it is to be established by

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other methods than those here employed. In fact, the author seems to have no capacity for stating a case or describing a situation so that those unfamiliar with it can understand it. Concerning the grievances of the Uitlanders at Johannesburg, we make out that there are two sides to the matter; but as to the merits of the issues, or indeed what the issues really are, we are as much in the dark as before. It may be said, however, that Mr. Statham is as coherent as the partisans opposed to him, and more decorous in language than most of them. Of the personality of his hero he has little new to tell us. Perhaps the most interesting fact that he has to communicate is that the Krüger stock is not Dutch, being traceable back to Berlin, while Paul Krüger married a Du Plessis, of the same family as Cardinal Richelieu.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Armstrong, R. A. Faith and Doubt in the Century's Poets. Whittaker. $1.
Bangs, J. K. Ghosts I Have Met. Harpers. $1.25.
Beresford, Lord Charles, and Wilson, H. W. Nelson and His Times. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode; New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co. $4.
Bertrand, Alfred. Au Pays des Ba-Rotsi. Haut-Zambèze. Paris: Hachette.
Blissett, Nellie K. The Concert-Director. Macmillan. $1.75.
Chrystal, Prof G. Introduction to Algebra. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Chuquet, Arthur. La Jeunesse de Napoléon. La Révolution. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Delitzsch, Friedrich. Die Entstehung des Aeltesten Schriftsystems. Ein Nachwort. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs.
Field, Rev. H. M. The Life of David Dudley Field. Scribners. $3.
Grahame, Kenneth. Pagan Papers. John Lane. $1.25.
Griffin, Le Roy F. The Abduction of Princess Chriemhild. New York: R. L. Weed Co. $1.25.
Holland, Bernhard. Letters of Mary Sibylla Holland. London: Edward Arnold.
Kirk, Ellen O. A Revolutionary Love-Story. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Lander, Harry. Lucky Bargee. Appletons. $1.25.
Lange, D. Handbook of Nature Study. Macmillan. $1.
Lavisse, Prof. Ernest, and Rambaud, Prof. Alfred. Histoire Générale, du IVè Siècle à nos Jours. Tome X. Les Monarchies Constitutionnelles, 1815-1847. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Lewis, Sir George C. Use and Abuse of Some Political Terms. New ed. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Maclay, E. S. A History of the United States Navy from 1775 to 1898. 2 vols. New ed., revised and enlarged. Appletons. $7.
McLellan, J. A., and Ames, A. F. Primary School Arithmetic. Macmillan. 50c.
Moore, George. Evelyn Innes. Appletons. $1.50.
Parmele, Mary P. Ariel; or, The Author's World. New York: Alliance Publishing Co. 25c.
Tarelli, Charles C. Persephone, and Other Poems. Macmillan. $1.25.
Trumbull, Annie E. Rod's Salvation. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Warner, Ruth J. Historic Art Studies. Syracuse, N. Y.: G. A. Mosher. 75c.
Weildon, Rev. J. E. C. The Hope of Immortality. Macmillan. $1.50.
Wentworth, G. A. New School Algebra. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Wilcox, R. M. Theory and Calculation of Cantilever Bridges. D. Van Nostrand Co.
Wilkins, Mary E. Silence, and Other Stories. Harpers. $1.25.
Williamson, David. Gladstone the Man. A Non-Political Biography. London: James Bowden; New York: M. F. Mansfield. 75c.
Wilson, Mrs. Lucy L. W. Nature Study in Elementary Schools. Reader. Macmillan. 35c.

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